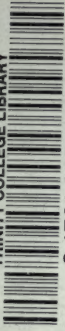


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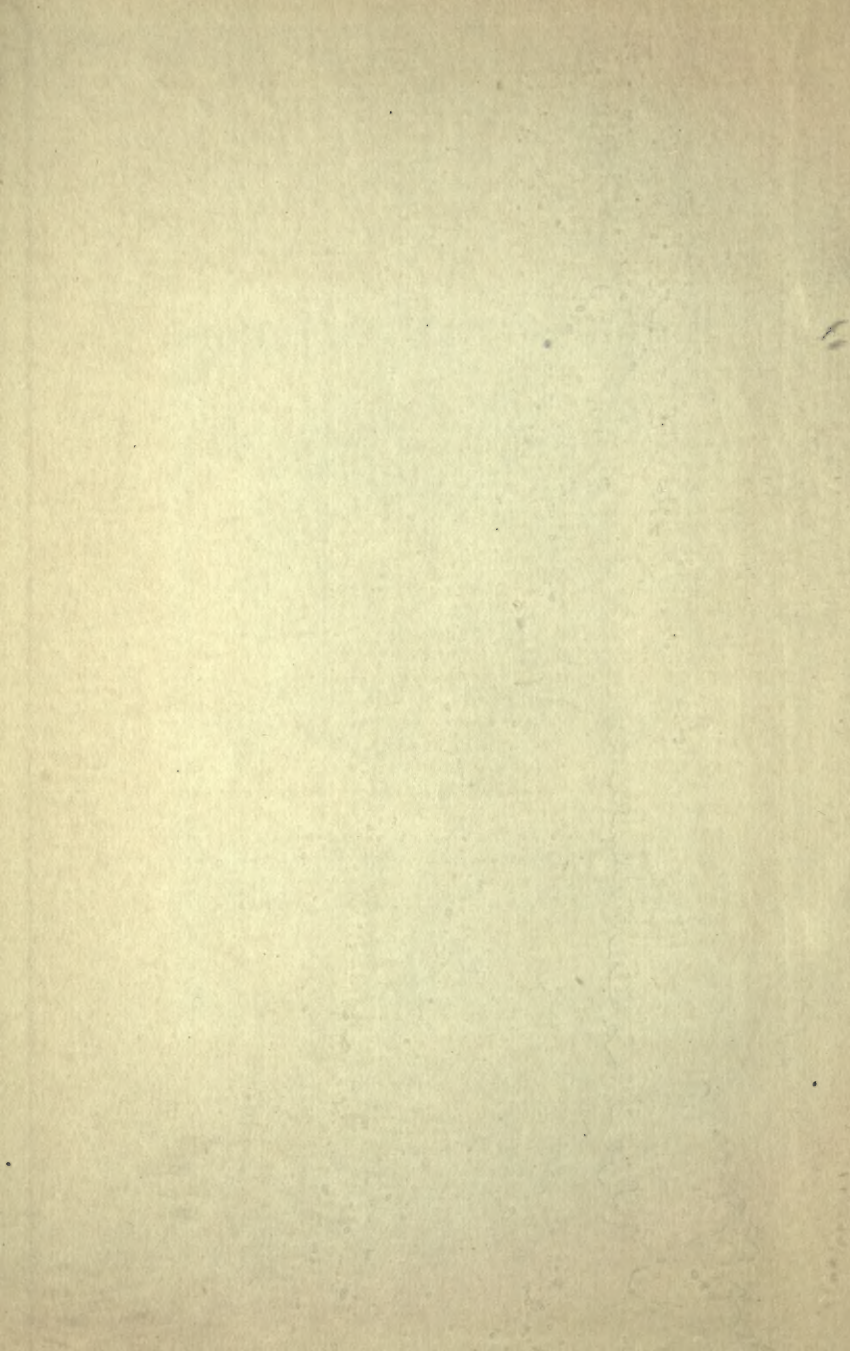




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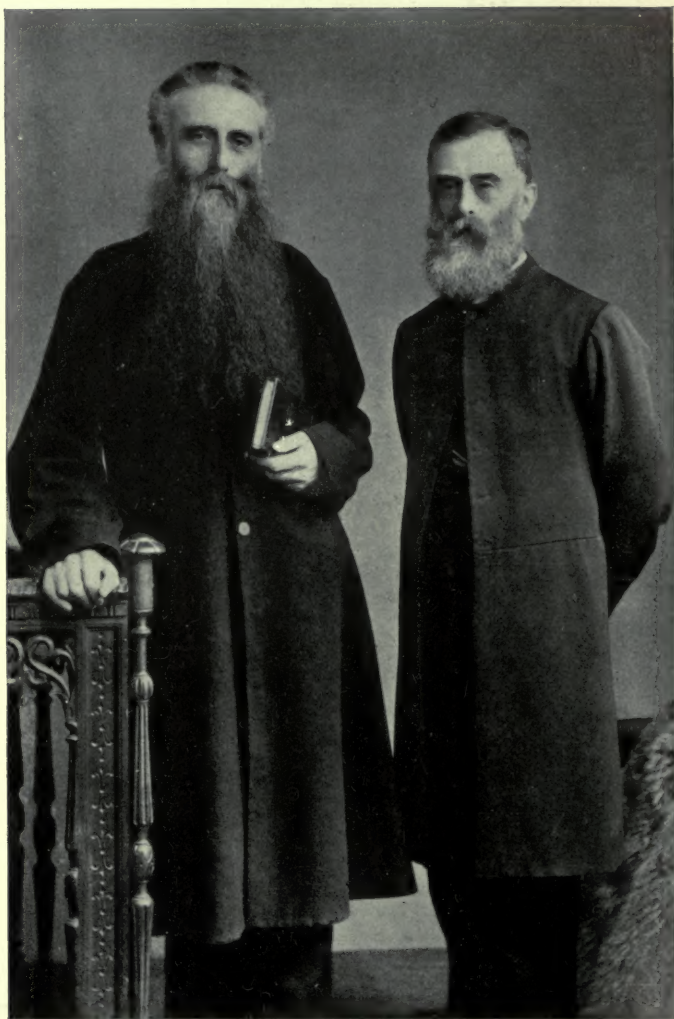
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TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND IN EVER LOVING AND GRATEFUL  
MEMORY OF  
TWO OF HIS SAINTS.

*Easter tide*, 1911



THE AUTHOR OF  
*FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER*  
HAS RECEIVED THE SUBJOINED LETTER FROM  
BISHOP GORE.

*Bishop's Croft,  
Birmingham, September 9, 1911.*

Dear —,

*I have not time at present to read through your Memoir of the Brothers Pollock, but I have often thought that there ought to be some memoir of them and their work here. They seem to me to have made a real impression on the imagination of Birmingham, and to have been powerful pioneers in spiritual work among us. I have been struck with the many instances in which, since I have been bishop here, individuals—mostly men—have told me of the change in their lives which these true Evangelicals brought about, not so much by their words as by their self-sacrificing lives. I suppose that their strength lay in their whole-hearted love of individual souls. I do not think that they regarded themselves as political or municipal reformers, but the words of "Father Tom," which you quote on page 50, are memorable words—they supply the right motive for real social reform, and they are as much needed to-day as they were when they were written. I wish your Memoir all success.*

*Believe me to be, yours truly,*

C. BIRMINGHAM :





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The quotations and selections from Father Pollock's books, and the Litanies and Hymns by Father Tom, are inserted by kind permission of Colonel A. W. Alsager Pollock.



# Father Pollock and his Brother.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SPRING OF THE DAY.

“Heaven within the reed  
Lists for the flute note; in the folded seed  
It sees the bud.”

—D. GREENWELL.

AMONG the countless names of holy and devoted Priests whose noble lives make glorious the annals of our English Church, none are more worthy of honour than those of Father Pollock and his Brother, the Mission Priests of S. Alban-the-Martyr, Birmingham.

The names of Father Pollock and Father Tom were household words in Birmingham during their ministry there, but little other fame has been accorded to them. They were just two plain Mission Priests, humble, unobtrusive, self-sacrificing, saintly, spending and being spent to the utmost of body, soul, and spirit in the service of their LORD. Both brothers were richly gifted, physically and mentally, as well as spiritually. Those who knew them sometimes thought it strange that two

## 2 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

men, apparently so fitted for a far different sphere, should have spent their lives in toiling amongst the sordid slums of a great smoky town.

There was, indeed, something unique and striking in the career and personality of each.

Father Pollock, with his noble, earnest, spiritual face, beautiful in feature—his eyes were remarkably so—but still more beautiful in expression; his tall, commanding presence, his irresistible charm of manner, the perfection of simplicity and courtesy, made up a figure which, once seen, was not easily forgotten. In later years his tall figure became bent with the burden of frail health and many cares and sorrows, and the sweeping chestnut beard was frosted white.

Father Tom, tall, erect, and soldier-like in bearing, was quite as handsome and attractive in a different way: with his keen, bright eyes, and authoritative, but always kindly voice, he had more of the soldier than of the mystic about him; though the bearing and actions of both brothers bore witness to their soldierly descent. Both had always much sympathy with soldiers; and Father Pollock inscribed one of his excellent little manuals of devotion "to soldiers, by a soldier's son."

The grand old motto *noblesse oblige* found visible embodiment in their lives, belonging as they did to a race rich in noble records. There is another untranslatable French word, *prud'homme*—meaning the perfection of Christian chivalry and uprightness—which exactly describes the character of Father Pollock and of his Brother.

The early home of these future heroes of the Cross was in the then unspoiled and very lovely Isle of Man. Both were born at Strathallan House, close to Derby Castle. "Vaughton's Hole," as their unlovely mission district in Birmingham used to be called, must have been in sharp contrast to the scenery with which they were familiar.

Father Pollock and his Brother were the sons of Major Pollock of the 43rd Light Infantry, a hero of the Peninsular War. It is not exactly true, as has been often stated, that Major Pollock "led the forlorn hope at Badajoz." The true statement of the incident has been supplied by Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Alsager Pollock, nephew of the brothers Pollock, who writes as follows:—

"The following extract from *The Historical Records of the 43rd Light Infantry*, describing the assault on Badajoz, gives the actual facts:—

'The soldiers swung themselves down cheering lustily. At the bottom of the ladders, Lieutenant Pollock, 43rd, who was in command of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's company, with Cooke, Considine, and Madden, met Captain Duffy of the regiment, who exclaimed, "Pollock! they (meaning the storming party and the forlorn hope) are all wrong; they have gone to the 4th Division breach"—pointing at the same time to the small one. Thus undesignedly this company were the first up to the sword blades.'

"Lieutenant Pollock was almost immediately struck down, 'severely wounded,' and in the course of the fight his three subalterns were also wounded. Lieutenant Pollock did not 'lead the forlorn hope,'

#### 4 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

but was accidentally called upon to lead his company in the attack upon the breach which the forlorn hope ought properly to have assaulted.

“ Captain Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the future Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, was serving on the staff of the commander-in-chief, and in his absence Lieutenant Pollock, the senior subaltern of the regiment, commanded the company.

“ In the assault on Badajoz, the 43rd Light Infantry lost 20 officers and 335 sergeants and rank and file killed and wounded. Of Lieutenant Pollock’s company, only 17 men were unhurt.”

Major Pollock is frequently mentioned in the annals of that time, particularly in the history of the 43rd, by Sir Richard Levinge. The stories show him to have been a brave soldier, of cool head and warm heart, and able to inspire his men with his own invincible courage. We read of his carrying two soldiers, either really or professedly, unable to march, up a hill on his back (during the retreat to Corunna); and again, of his entering the “ ditch ” before Badajoz with 98 men, and coming out of it with 41.

In the *History of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry*, by Captain J. Hanbury Williams, we read:—

“ The loss of the 43rd exceeded that of any other regiment. The day following the fall of Badajoz, as Lieutenant Pollock, of the 43rd, lay wounded in his tent, a private of his company brought him an offering of three fine fowls, remarking that they would make fine broth. This man had been a rather disorderly character, and Pollock had on

many occasions administered punishments. He was, therefore, surprised by the act, and said, 'Howard, you are the last man in the company from whom I should expect such attention.'

" 'Sir,' replied Howard, 'I have gratitude. You might have had me flogged twenty times; but, sir, you always punished me yourself, and I have gratitude.' "

There was not a very great difference in the ages of the Priest-Brothers, the elder, James Samuel Pollock, being born on March 16, 1834, and the younger, Thomas Benson Pollock, on May 28, 1836. When James Samuel, fresh from his contemplation of a monkey on a barrel-organ, first saw the little brother who was to be so much to him, "Very like mukkey!" was his unflattering remark.

From the scanty records that remain, the brothers seem not to have been without the spirit of mischief which, some time or another, possesses most boys. Father Tom, who never lost an opportunity of exalting Father Pollock at his own expense, used, as an instance of the latter's superior truthfulness when they were boys together, to relate that two cats were once tied together by their tails. Upon the discovery of this piece of mischief by the father of the supposed delinquents, the following conversation ensued:—

"Tom, did you tie those cats' tails together?"

"No."

"James, did you?"

"No; but I held them while Tom did."

## 6 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

He also tells the following touching little story against himself:—

“One evening, when I was just old enough to be trusted with a gun, I was on my way home after a day’s shooting. There was a charge in the barrel, which I wished to get rid of before going into the house. A little hedge-sparrow perched on a bush before me, and without a thought I shot it. I went to pick it up. It lay on the grass on its side wounded, and as I came up, it turned its head towards me. As long as I live I shall never forget the look in that little bird’s eye. It seemed to say, as plainly as looks could, ‘You have killed me. What harm did I ever do you? And what good am I to you now?’ I was as thoughtless as most boys of my age, but I felt myself utterly shamed. I would have given all the money I had to bring back the life that was the bird’s all. I often now, after twenty-five years or more, seem to see that little bird’s eye turned on me with gentle, pitiful reproach.”

In later years both brothers were very fond of dumb animals; those who knew them will remember their handsome Skye terriers, especially “Guy,” and the little chairs which used to be placed for them on the hearthrug in the parsonage dining-room of a winter’s night.

Father Tom was himself a great lover of birds. The sparrows at the parsonage were always protected, and he would often himself separate the feathered combatants in a sparrow-fight. Looking one day at a picture of S. Francis preaching to the



birds, "Ah," remarked Father Tom, "they could teach him a great deal more than he could teach them."

Speaking of birds, a poetical aspirant among his flock once owed much gratitude to Father Tom. Had it not been for the kindly correction of his pen-stroke, the "stricken warbler" of a certain poem on a dead lark would, to the lasting confusion of the budding poet, have been depicted as lying among the clover blooms with "a *bullet* through its breast!"

Father Tom was very fond of canaries, of which he had many, and upon one of the last occasions on which he spoke to the writer of these pages he mentioned the beauty of some nestlings he had, and said twice, "Be sure you come and look at them."

It may be added, as a touching and beautiful incident, that upon each occasion, when, "in the bleak mid-winter," the remains of these two Saints of GOD were committed to the earth, a robin red-breast carolled sweetly while the Burial Service was being read.

A characteristic anecdote of their early days, which reads like a foreshadowing of the future before them, relates that the brothers, having discovered a desecrated font which was being used as a horse-trough, removed it bodily to the churchyard.

Both the brothers were graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, Father Pollock taking his B.A. degree in 1858, and his M.A. in 1861.

Father Tom gained the Vice-Chancellor's prize

## 8 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

for English verse in 1855; he took his B.A. degree in 1859, and his M.A. in 1863.

Of their days at Trinity College, Dublin, Father Pollock used to describe how his brother, who had not then thought of taking Holy Orders, was carried by main force to the Divinity lecture room by his fellow-students and compelled to listen to the lecture. This may be considered the inauguration of his work as a Priest. He really intended to be a doctor; he studied medicine, and had walked the London Hospitals, and was described by his poor people, in the early days of the mission, as "young Tom Pollock, 'im as is 'alf a doctor."

Father Pollock was ordained Deacon in 1858 by the Bishop of Chester. His first curacy was at Bowdon, in Cheshire; and he was afterwards curate of S. John the Evangelist's, Hammersmith.

Father Tom took Deacon's Orders in 1861, and was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Lichfield on the Feast of S. Thomas, 1862. His first curacy was at S. Luke's, Leek; and he was curate of S. Thomas', Stamford Hill, London, from 1863 to 1865.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOWING THE SEED.

“There calming all alarms,  
Thy Cross of Love was traced,  
Outstretching salutary arms  
To bless the waste.”

—A. MATHESON.

FATHER POLLOCK came to Birmingham in 1860. A great part of the story of S. Alban's Mission will be best told in his own words, taken from *Vaughton's Hole: Twenty-five Years in it*, a little book brought out by him in 1890, and upon the title-page of which he, with singular appropriateness, inscribed the symbol of the conquering cross of Constantine. “I came,” writes Father Pollock, “to Birmingham on Holy Innocents' Day, December 28, 1860, and on the following day accepted the assistant-curacy of S. Paul's, Ludgate Hill. After the mid-day service on my first Sunday in Birmingham, January 13, 1861, I asked my Vicar, as soon as we came into the vestry, whether the congregation was as large as usual. He said it was, and I began to realise what work in Birmingham meant. The Vicar of S. Paul's, the Rev. J. P. B. Latimer, was in bad health; most of the work was left in my hands. The population was 16,000; the church,

## 10 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

which would hold 1400, was miserably attended; there were daily services morning and evening, and almost daily funerals.

“Even in those days of inexperience I saw the uselessness of a pewed church in a parish like S. Paul’s. I remembered the large church in a Manchester suburb where I held my first curacy, with its great congregations on Sundays—morning, afternoon, and evening; and my own little school-chapel in the country, with its very primitive arrangements and promising work. I talked with my Vicar, and asked for a small chapel or mission room, free and unappropriated. He consented; a site was chosen, and a very modest scheme proposed. But he soon put an end to my hopes by telling me, as the result of his efforts, that ‘Birmingham people did not understand mission work.’

“After twelve months at S. Paul’s I broke down, and had to resign my post. A year after this I was able to take a London curacy; but my thoughts often turned to Birmingham. Every visit to my friends at S. Paul’s caused what Mr. Latimer called an ‘effervescence’ of the mission chapel idea, or brought up the alternative expedient of making the parish church free and unappropriated. Nothing, however, was done, and our efforts were abandoned.

“As soon as the schemes for mission work at S. Paul’s came to an end, I received a communication from Dr. Oldknow’s parish of Holy Trinity, Bordesley. Some members of the ‘Plain-Song Choir’ were eager to assist in carrying out the wish

of their Vicar, who, seven or eight years before, had selected a site in Leopold Street, and wanted a mission chapel there. The conventional district which Dr. Oldknow offered had then a population of about 4500 poor people. There was no church, Dissenting chapel, mission room, school, endowment, grant, or any other spiritual provision for the inhabitants. I accepted the work, and came into residence on the Vigil of S. Peter, June 28, 1865. I was licensed by the Bishop of Worcester on August 2, 1865.

“In my preparations for commencing the mission one thought filled my mind, and I lost no opportunity of expressing myself strongly regarding it. I determined *not* to build a little highly-decorated chapel for the spiritual edification of a favoured few, but to provide a large temporary building, offering a welcome to all who would come and claim their share in its privileges, trusting that the large congregation so collected would in time feel the need of erecting a permanent church. However, Dr. Oldknow, of whose kindness and generosity I cannot speak too highly, would not permit the building of anything that was not permanent. Accordingly, two friends united with me in guaranteeing the sum required for building a small mission church in Leopold Street.

“My brother, the Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, had recently given up his curacy in London. Our mission chapel of S. Alban-the-Martyr was opened on September 14, 1865, and he came to be with me on that occasion, intending to spend a fortnight at

## 12 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

S. Alban's. His fortnight has extended to twenty-five years, and not without a reason. Year after year he has felt it his duty to decline all offers of other work, though some had real claims upon him. For S. Alban's has always been passing from one crisis to another, and we have never had a season of quiet or peace which gave us an opportunity of separating. Whenever I have thought of going away—and the thought has forced itself upon me many times—considerations of honour or duty have always made it necessary for me to hold on till some new opposition was met, or some new difficulty surmounted. And the same reasons have forced my brother to continue the struggle by my side. Because our work was thwarted, it was strengthened by his help.

“Our little church,” continues Father Pollock, “was built in seven times seven days, and the opening octave gave the work a tone, right or wrong, which it has maintained faithfully ever since. The arrangement of the services was the result of a careful forecast of what would be the authorised settlement of questions in dispute. As we carried out all our arrangements on the day of opening, and have scrupulously avoided all changes during a quarter of a century, we have been able to devote all our attention to the more serious concerns of our people.

“The mission church soon proved too small. A statement, issued in January 1867, said: ‘On every week-day since the church was opened we have had a good congregation of poor people

belonging to the district ; frequently the number of worshippers is nearer 200 than 100. On nearly every Sunday since the church was opened we have been obliged to send away a number of people for whom no room could be found ; frequently we have had two rows of forms in the centre passage. Many of our poor people have given up coming to church on Sunday evening ; having been so frequently turned away from the door, they have given up the attempt in despair. During the first twelve months of mission work the number of communions made exceeded 3000.' The need of a larger building was urgent, and an appeal issued about this time ends with these words : 'S. Alban's Church will be wholly free and unappropriated—the first church built with this design in the great metropolis of the Midlands.' ”

A committee was now formed to raise money to build a larger church ; a considerable sum was raised, but not enough to satisfy the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. This difficulty, though no light one, would no doubt soon have been surmounted. But the committee were spared the trouble of making fresh efforts of that kind, for a much more formidable difficulty sprung up in the shape of Protestant opposition of the most bitter and uncompromising character. This opposition did not merely take the form of hard words, or letters to the local press, or violence to the church and clergy, but was of so practical a kind that it delayed the formation of the district for six years, hindered the work of the church, and was the

## 14 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

occasion of incalculable loss of time and money which would otherwise have been devoted to the spiritual edification of the people. Father Pollock, when referring to the great difficulties as to the forming of the district of S. Alban's, says: "Every one appreciates the wisdom and justice of the good Bishop [Dr. Philpotts] of Worcester."

He also, with evident gratitude, records: "My brother, the Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, who came to spend 'a fortnight' with me in September 1865, had worked at S. Alban's for more than four years. All that time he officiated by permission of the Bishop without a formal license. Everything was uncertain. Any day the promoters of the mission might despair, or feel themselves obliged to put an end to it. My brother wrote to the Bishop, asking his lordship's direction with regard to being licensed. On December 16, 1869, the Bishop wrote: 'I am content that you should still continue to serve there ["S. Alban's Chapel"] without a license.' The Bishop added: 'I need hardly say to you, in answer to your remarks about the present state of the proposal for a permanent district in connection with S. Alban's, that the subject is one of much anxious and almost painful interest to me. I have tried in vain to reconcile conflicting views, so that an end might be put to uncertainty. I can only counsel patience.'"

The counsel of the good Bishop was put in practice. The two Mission Priests were not to be daunted by any difficulty; and after six years' continual and wearisome struggles S. Alban's



emerged triumphant, but hampered with a load of debt.

The Rev. J. S. Pollock was licensed to the incumbency in November 1871.

In spite of all difficulties and hindrances the spiritual work went on. The congregation so outgrew the original mission chapel that more accommodation was absolutely necessary. It was therefore decided to erect a building which, in case of emergency, might be sold and converted into a manufactory. The architect provided a very church-like and convenient structure, consisting of apsidal chancel, nave, and three small vestries, which cost £1500. It had free kneelings for 480 worshippers, and was opened with great thankfulness and rejoicing, under license of the Bishop of Worcester [Dr. Philpotts], on March 7, 1871, a few months before the district was legally formed.

Two years after this S. Patrick's Mission was opened, and in 1881 the magnificent Church of S. Alban in Conybere Street was completed, after innumerable difficulties, but burdened with a heavy debt, which it took nine years to defray.

The two devoted Mission Priests had indeed to endure hardness and to suffer persecution for conscience' sake before this result was achieved. During the years of the "old S. Alban's," Church life in Birmingham was at the lowest ebb, and narrow-mindedness and bigotry were rampant.

In connection with the opposition and violence encountered, Father Pollock tells what he calls "one of Dr. Oldknow's best stories of the early days

of the Catholic Revival in Birmingham." "A parcel came to Dr. Oldknow's house; it was large, and the charge for delivery was not small; so he declined to receive it. A letter came from Bishop Pepys, censuring Dr. Oldknow for acting in a manner which excited people's feelings against him. The Bishop explained that a man had written to complain that he had sent Dr. Oldknow a halter, requesting him to hang himself with it, and that Dr. Oldknow had refused the parcel! The reprimand administered to the writer of the epistle is not on record."

## CHAPTER III.

### STORM AND STRESS—"THE BOTHER."

"Some souls there are  
Who, when they smite it, bring  
Forth from the hardest rock its hidden spring."

—LYTTON.

IN a chapter of *Vaughton's Hole*, entitled "The Bother," Father Pollock describes some riotous proceedings, and their ostensible cause, which commenced in 1867, and continued more or less for nine months.

His account is as follows:—

"I am anxious to explain at once that ritual had nothing to do with the S. Alban's riots. As might have been expected, it was imported into the controversy; but it had no connection with its origin. I need not attempt a detailed history. As in dealing with other parts of S. Alban's experiences, I must content myself with a few salient points. Many people, who knew nothing about the circumstances, were greatly exercised by the 'Excommunication Case.' A long word fitly introduces a long controversy. Moderately instructed Christians are familiar with the practice of ministers of all denominations with regard to participation in the ordinances of their different religions. Some church-

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people have read the long 'Rubric' at the beginning of the Holy Communion Service in our Book of Common Prayer, and have seen the painful responsibilities resting on the clergy in certain cases. Whether the action I took is altogether warrantable or not, I do not mean to argue about it now. At a meeting of the communicants of S. Alban's, held at the beginning of the trouble, I gave a full and faithful account of my action in the matter. Reporters were present, and my statement appeared in full in the Birmingham papers. My address of explanation was given in reply to an address of sympathy, as follows:—

*"We, the undersigned communicants of the congregation and district of S. Alban's, desire to express our sympathy with you under much misunderstanding and misrepresentation, and to assure you of the confidence of your own people. We desire now, especially, to thank you for the jealousy with which you have defended God's Altar from desecration, and relieved us of a grievous scandal. We trust and pray that you may always have given you the same zeal for God's House and boldness in rebuking sin."*

"The address was signed by 137 communicants, and the church only held 450 people. The signatures were all written in a very few days. Some of those who signed were present in church when the 'Sentence of Excommunication' was said to have been delivered. No one was present when, in the open church, after Divine Service, I spoke quietly and, I believe, kindly to the person censured, urging that scandal caused made com-

munion at S. Alban's improper, and advising communion at some other church, and advice from some other clergyman: this was the only 'excommunication.' I have said that a general account of 'The Bother' is all that I need attempt. It might be enough to say that on every week-day for three weeks my brother and I were conducted to our house, after evening service, by the police; and that on every Sunday evening for about three months we had a similar escort. We did not, as far as I remember, ask 'police protection.' It was given because it was considered needful. The people of the district, as a body, took no part in the disturbances, except to protect themselves and S. Alban's clergy from the attacks of strangers. One friend of mine, when the mob came past his house, sent all his family upstairs, and put the poker in the fire: he was then ready to give a warm reception to intruders if they came! The mob consisted mainly of roughs, who gladly obeyed the call of agitators—not knowing or caring what it was all about. In addition to the Birmingham contingent, strangers appeared in the neighbourhood on those Sunday mornings, asking for the church where the riots were; they came from the country to 'see the battle,' not to take a side in it. Only one person, as far as I know, got benefit from 'The Bother.' A publican near the church had two barrels of sour beer; the noxious stuff was not wasted, for the rioters drank it all!"

An immediate outcome of "The Bother" was what Father Pollock, with a kind of grim humour,

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styles the "riots proper," and which he thus describes:—

"The riots proper—if I may be allowed the phrase—began on Sunday, October 13, 1867. I was celebrating Holy Communion at 11 o'clock. The little church had been in great part occupied by a crowd of roughs. As soon as I announced the services on S. Luke's Day, and the Harvest Festival on the following Sunday, 'the conclusion of this statement,' the newspaper says, 'was greeted with shouts of laughter.' The same report says: 'The Rev. T. B. Pollock next took his place in the pulpit to preach a sermon . . . the preacher kept his temper admirably, and, waiting calmly until each successive burst of coughing had exhausted itself, proceeded with his discourse, until it was brought to an abrupt termination in this wise. For some minutes the clamouring outside for admission had been increasing in loudness, and at length a sudden rush was made at the door, which gave way, and in a moment what had before been an exceedingly disorderly business became a wild tumultuous row. Women screamed, men imprecated, shouted 'hurrah,' catcalled, groaned, and emitted the most discordant yells which, with some little experience of contested Parliamentary elections, the present writer has not heard excelled. . . . There seemed every probability of an attack upon the Altar, to resist which the choristers left their places, and ranged themselves in a body in front of it. I need not further describe the scene and its termination. The chief promoters went away in

triumph, though they had not succeeded in forcing the clergyman to communicate the person censured.'

"Our manner of life on Sundays after this was to remain in church or schools from the time of the mid-day service till the police deemed it prudent to take us home—generally at a late hour at night. Those picnics in the little schoolrooms have memories connected with them that are not altogether unpleasant. The clergy, with some members of the choir and some Sunday-school teachers, occupied one schoolroom; the police had the other room beside it. Our food was sent us from home; we had a convivial tea-party before evening service. The crowd lingered about all day; they boo-ed vigorously whenever the church bell—now the bell of S. Katherine's, Stanhope Street—began to ring for service. One Sunday they were specially demonstrative, and the inspector of police would not allow us to leave the church till nearly ten o'clock. Then the police cleared a passage in Leopold Street, and the crowd, deceived by this ruse, congregated there. In the meantime another body of police took us out by the Dymoke Street gate. To avoid the crowd we walked by a roundabout way to my house, with an escort of about thirty policemen and as many more men of the congregation.

"One week-day evening we were all vested and ready to go into church for the usual daily service. The verger came in and informed us that a mob was on its way from town, with implements to pull down the church. At the end of the Psalms for

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the day the verger came to me, and said, on the authority of the police inspector, that the mob was coming near the church. We all knelt down, and I said the 'Grace,' &c., at the end of the service. Then we returned to the vestry. Our people must have known the danger; but, after we passed, they did not omit to kneel down, according to their custom, for a concluding private prayer. Then all got away in time; and the police with their sabres, which not then only had they to exhibit, drove back the mob.

"I wanted to go to London; but renewed attacks were expected daily, and I had to wait for a time of peace. Things looked quieter, and I went away. I was talking with a man in a shop, and he casually remarked, 'What a sad thing about your church!' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that the *Evening Star* of that day announced its 'destruction.' He got the paper for me; the account was exaggerated, but on my return I found that not only were the windows broken, but the iron sashes were displaced by stones. One of the rioters got astride on the roof of the chapel, and tried to tear away the iron cross at the east end. The police disturbed his work, and the cross still keeps its place on S. Alban's Girls' School, Leopold Street.

"All this time our congregations were undiminished. The people came as diligently as ever to their church, though they had to make their way through the mob, and were admitted one by one by the policemen who guarded the doors. A few wet



Sundays damped the zeal of our opponents, and early in 1868 they deserted S. Alban's. Then I was unwell, and absent for some months. The indignation of some good people was greatly excited by my recovery and return to Birmingham. They memorialised the Bishop, and reorganised the riots. One Sunday morning we had the usual rough congregation in the church, and the same howling multitude greeted us when we came out. My brother at once formed a wise determination. We had moved to a new house, and he thought it well not to take the mob there. He proposed to me that we should go to New Street, and let loose the malcontents. We walked together down the street with a mixed multitude of worshippers and rioters attending us. When we got near the Queen Street entrance to New Street Station we quickened our pace to get near the front of the procession. The porters at the gate admitted my brother and me, and then promptly shut the gates in the face of every one else. We walked over the bridge, took a cab in Stephenson Place, and while friends and foes were looking for us went quietly home.

"My brother then wrote to the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Kynnersley, and stated our case in the following words:—

" HIGHGATE, BIRMINGHAM,  
May 24 (1868).

"SIR,—As a vigorous effort is being made to renew the riots at my brother's church, will you allow me, in as few words as possible, to state our case ?

"For four months last year we were outlaws. Our

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services were interrupted continually, and we were followed home night after night, and even at mid-day, by a crowd of roughs. Every kind of filth and blasphemy was shouted after us in the hearing of the police. Not one man was interfered with. We did not want the police for protection; we could easily have done that ourselves. They were useless in preventing us from being grossly insulted.

“For four months my brother has been an invalid, unable to do any duty, and for some time in a state to give real ground for alarm, through the over-excitement which he had to undergo, besides his trying work. He has just returned, still delicate; and I, almost worn out myself, have been ordered to take a long rest. Now we are threatened with the same thing over again. . . . At our church to-day some eighty of the worst roughs mixed themselves with our congregation, and when my brother and I started for home, the old hooting began. We would not go home, but went to New Street Station, crossed it, and took a cab. The police would do nothing to stop the hooting or the following till I asked them to go away and let us do it. Then one man was arrested. . . . The thing *can* be stopped at once. If it is not by the police our people are resolved to do it, and we cannot urge them to longer forbearance. . . . As I said before, we do not want the police for protection; we can do that very well. We want to be able to worship free from interference, and to go home without insult. I think we have a claim for this. We get no pay for working in a large and neglected district.

Our church was built by private subscriptions, and is maintained by those who like it. I do not think we can be blamed if we feel strongly the injustice of our being looked upon, as we plainly are, in the light of outlaws! I may say again that our people are so incensed by the wantonness of the conspiracy now, that I apprehend the most serious consequences if the movement is not crushed at once. That it is a conspiracy there is not the smallest doubt. I heard of one man offering £25 to keep the riots up before. And it is well known that many were regularly paid.

"Apologising for troubling you, and for writing at such length,—I am, faithfully yours,

"THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

"The offender referred to in this letter was fined forty shillings and costs, and a promise of imprisonment without option of fine in the next case. This put an end to 'The Bother.'

"The Stipendiary Magistrate's prompt action was a strange contrast to the inaction of a civic dignitary, who, during his season of 'brief authority,' had to visit S. Alban's one Sunday evening when a surging mob threatened destruction to us all. He walked with me up and down outside the church before service, and spent his time and mine in commenting on my duties as a priest with a 'faithfulness' that no Bishop has ever shown towards me. It was in vain that I ventured to remind him that the question of the moment was not what I had done, but what he could do. Having

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decided the religious question to his satisfaction, he showed his skill in matters belonging to his own office by walking after service a few yards with my brother and me, drawing the police across the road, and sending us to walk home alone. I am quite sure he did all in good faith, and that he did not consider that there might be other streets besides Leopold Street by which the mob might reach us. As it happened, the mob were strangers, and did not know our new streets and 'hilly fields' in the dark; so we got home just before they arrived in force. The papers said we 'ran': this is not true. We heard the scuffle outside. We did not hear till afterwards that a friendly neighbour, a Nonconformist minister, went up to one of the leading religious zealots, and asked him, 'Don't you remember when I saved you from being hanged, when you were drunk and were going to murder your wife and children?' That night a man went to his house near S. Alban's district, and said that he had lost his hat, but he didn't mind, for he had 'done for Pollock's brother!' He made a mistake; the poor fellow they 'jumped upon' opposite my house was a friend of mine, one of the best of men, son of an eminent Nonconformist minister. He sent for me, and I found him in bed.

"I suppose no one will tell me that 'The Bother' helped the work of S. Alban's. It got us new friends, who came simply because we were persecuted. It deepened our characters, and gave us that strange power that nothing else can give. But it confirmed and stereotyped the position of isolation

which, against our will and strong desire, had been forced upon us. The fact that such things were continued from month to month, and that nearly all our clerical brethren, having in vain appealed to the Bishop to put us down, left the mob to do it in another way, without their interference—these things helped S. Alban's to stand, but, unhappily, they made it stand *alone*."

Father Pollock continues:—

"All the quiet, undermining work of the Aston Trustees at the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners during the six years, 1865–1871, did not 'close the mission.' The violent efforts of the rioters during the nine months, September 1867–May 1868, did not 'wind up the whole concern.' Their combined forces about the middle of the longer period, full of great crises, must have effected their purpose if S. Alban's had not been very strong. What the Trustees and the rioters together failed to do must have been done by a third ally, the monster memorial, if the Bishop of Worcester had not been very brave."

Before the one which Father Pollock calls the "monster memorial," three other memorials had been sent to the Bishop. The desire of the agitators was to induce the Bishop to "cause a change to be made" in S. Alban's district, or to revoke the license of the said Rev. J. S. Pollock. The reply of the Bishop was: "I can only counsel moderation and forbearance on all sides."

With regard to the "monster memorial" sent in to the Bishop on December 7, 1867, and bearing

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23,000 signatures, for the removal of Father Pollock from S. Alban's, "Diogenes," in a rhymed version of the *New Memorial against Ritual*, says:—

"About the way the names were got, the less that's said the better."

The line puts the whole matter in a nutshell. The whole number of signatures were obtained in three weeks, many by most unfair means. Some of those who signed the petition confessed that they did so when drunk. Father Pollock tells two pertinent anecdotes in this connection:—

"A few months ago I was visiting a sick man near S. Alban's Church. Another man was sitting by the fire. He said he knew me, but perhaps I had forgotten him. He told me his name, not a common one; and I at once told him I remembered him very well, and that more than twenty years before that time he lived in Angelina Terrace in S. Alban's district. I went on to say that I could tell him something more—that he had signed a paper asking the Bishop to send me away from S. Alban's. The man expressed his surprise, and repudiated the idea warmly. I told him not to trouble about it, for I had at my house his certificate to prove that he signed the paper when he was drunk. I have now before me the certificate in question, signed by the man and his son, declaring that 'we were drunk.'"

The second story is this:—

"Some years ago, when S. Alban's schoolrooms were used as polling-booths at an election, my brother, the Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, went to the

schools in the course of the afternoon, and said to a man he met there that he hoped all was going on quietly. 'Yes, pretty well,' said the man; 'but there was a big fellow here making a noise about my giving the voters beer. Now you know, sir, as well as I do, that the most of them didn't ought to have votes, for they know nothing about it. And when you go to explain things to them, if you don't give them beer, they won't listen to you.'

It was also a matter of common knowledge that the "memorial" papers were "filled up at the paying price of one shilling per hundred"; and Father Pollock's own record of signatures shows that very many of his poor people thought they were signing *for* not *against* their beloved and revered Mission Priest.

"The promoters of the memorial," continues Father Pollock, "by the very fact of promoting it, showed that they knew nothing of the people whose signatures they requested, and of their slender acquaintance with ecclesiastical controversies. About the date of the memorial, a worker in the brick-fields near S. Alban's Church was overheard saying to his companion: 'They had a young man at the Chapel, and they powered water on his yed, and called him Joseph; wait till old Pollock comes up here, and we'll heave a brick at his yed.' My brother was preparing a man for Confirmation. The man did not know whether he had been baptized or not. His parents were appealed to; they reported that he was not baptized, for 'when he was born there was no such thing about.'"

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Referring to the "emphatic explanations" given to make people sign their names against S. Alban's, Father Pollock remarks:—

"We soon experienced their force in the treatment we received, not in S. Alban's district, but in districts near, and sometimes in distant parts of Birmingham.

"For example, one day two Black Country curates had been visiting us; my brother and I were walking with them part of the way to New Street Station. The usual cries greeted us before we parted. Our two friends, soon after leaving us, were passing the door of a public-house where some men were standing. One of the men took his short pipe out of his mouth, and said in a confidential tone: 'And them as associates is just as bad.'"

It is very interesting to read that during these troublous times at S. Alban's it was through the influence of the Brothers Pollock that Lenten and Advent mid-day services for business men were introduced into Birmingham, and held at S. Philip's Church. The promoters of the idea were not then known; but, says Father Pollock:—

"The services are continued still, and doubtless have been helpful to many who know nothing about their origin."

The agitators against S. Alban's failed to attain their object. It was in vain that they urged the Bishop to "revoke the license of the said Rev. J. S. Pollock, who is only a curate licensed by your lordship." Dr. Philpotts, who was a friend to the mission through all its troubles, would not take



any such step. His reply was simply, "I cannot adopt the opinions of the memorialists, or take the course of action which they advise."

The personal effects of "The Bother" upon the two Mission Priests are thus summed up:—

"S. Patrick's had not been open a year before my brother's health gave way. He had been strong, and had conducted the whole work during my long absence from ill-health after 'The Bother.' He in his turn was obliged to go away; he spent two winters in France and Italy."

Father Pollock adds:—

"When my brother went to the Continent for the first time, three out of the four clergy were disabled. I was one of them; and I packed up all my goods, feeling quite uncertain as to whether I could return or not."

When speaking of these serious illnesses and his sojourn on the Continent, Father Tom used always to say that he was given back to his people in answer to their prayers. Father Pollock, with a truly Christ-like faith and charity, says concerning these troubles and those who caused them:—

"If any word I have used seems to express a thought of unkindness to those who have opposed us most, let me say in all sincerity that I do not mean, or feel, any such thing. I believe in my heart that the highest and most religious motives prompted many that have appeared to us to be hinderers of GOD'S Word. We deserve no credit for dismissing unpleasant thoughts about the past. For all things, by the mercy of GOD, and spite of

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our many errors, have worked for good and made us prosper."

Bishop Gore, in a sermon preached at S. Alban's on its twenty-fifth anniversary, stated the case very clearly when he said that "the Brothers Pollock, by force of sheer goodness, lived down misrepresentation, slander, and persecution, going about their business with the sole purpose of doing what they conceived to be their duty. . . . The cause for which they stood, so far as it was a cause of doctrine and ceremonial, had won the day, and the present generation was entering into their labours."

Shoulder to shoulder the Priest-Brothers fought and won their battle. Their splendid courage, their untiring diligence and self-sacrifice, their singleness of purpose, their devoted, saintly lives, gained for them in the end universal love and esteem.

Shortly before Father Pollock was called to rest, it is the *Record* which thus speaks of his work:—

"S. Alban's is the High Church stronghold in Birmingham, and much as we deplore the character of the teaching, we gladly recognise that in organisation and efficiency it is one of the best-worked parishes in the city. The district is not very inviting now; but it was worse when the Brothers Pollock came, and they at times met with very rough treatment at the hands of some of the more violent of the people. But they held on, and pursued their work with diligence and self-sacrifice, with the result that now they are universally respected, and by none more so than the clergy of the city. There is on all hands heard the most

laudatory testimony, not only to their work, but to their life; and on Sunday night the capacious and stately church was filled with a large, reverent, and hearty congregation. It may be, indeed, that their success is a personal victory rather than a triumph for their cause, for the large congregations they have built up are not to be found in any other Ritualistic church in the city. But there the fact remains that at S. Alban's the work is a pronounced success, and we freely and ungrudgingly say so."

But the health of both brothers, neither of them physically strong—Father Pollock was born with a weak heart—was seriously impaired, and, humanly speaking, their term of mortal life shortened by these severe trials.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DAY'S WORK.

“The love of JESUS would not let them rest.”—S. WESLEY.

THE full Catholic Faith was ever taught at S. Alban's, and set forth in a stately ceremonial which never varied during thirty years. From the beginning of the mission work in 1865 it had always a voluntary choir of communicants.

Here is Father Pollock's own statement concerning what sort of doctrine was taught at S. Alban's. It is quoted at length from “*Vaughton's Hole*.”

“It is, perhaps, still supposed by some people who know nothing of S. Alban's that it is a school for Ritual, and that our people are well posted up in what some one called ‘the postures and impostures.’ A closer view would let them see that all such questions were well considered and done with at S. Alban's twenty-five years ago. And if they questioned the clergy, they would be surprised to find how many details of that subject have been forgotten in the pressure of more important matters. While many good people, clergy and laity, have been learning and advancing, we have been forgetting, and—remaining as we were at first.

“ If any one desires to know what we *have* taught our people, I point to what has been done with regard to the great subject of Holy Baptism. If we have failed—as we have—in many things, we have great cause for thankfulness here. We have not promoted new fads, nor have we introduced, as some tell us, ‘ a religion of our own.’ We have pressed the old-fashioned Church doctrine, the Church of England doctrine of Baptism, as taught in the Bible and the Church Catechism. Let me be understood. People may divide themselves into parties as they will; there is one division into two parties which the Church makes, and she keeps wide asunder those who belong to the two religions. The great vital question for each soul is not where, or in what direction, or in what garments the Priest stands—all proper questions in their own subordinate place—but where *he* stands before GOD. The Church tells him plainly; nay, that there may be no mistake about a question of life and death, she bids him say it for himself. She makes him affirm in his early childhood that he was at a certain definite time made ‘ a child of GOD.’ She tells him to make that fact the starting-point of his religion; and by implication she denies and repudiates all other methods of making the start. If some people, in and out of the Church, refuse to believe the ‘ blasphemous figment of Baptismal Regeneration,’ she asserts it in defiant, definite terms. She does not by any ‘ judgment of charity ’ or cruelty declare that to be true in the case of every baptized child which she doubts in the case

of any one. It was the vindication of this cardinal doctrine of the faith by Dr. Pusey which gained for orthodox Churchmen long ago the dignity of being called Puseyites. That holy and venerable man, who through evil report remained to the day of his death firm and unshaken in his allegiance to his mother who taught him, vindicated her 'Scriptural views of Holy Baptism' in one of the famous 'Tracts.' We follow not Dr. Pusey only, but the Bible and the Church, in asserting the same truth. We rejoice to see that the Church bids all her baptized children claim their places in her and in the family of GOD. That gift, bestowed by free grace alone, without any 'works, merits, or deservings' on their part—nay, in the time of their unconscious infancy—she declares to be *the* beginning of the application of GOD's salvation to the soul. It is life, though, like natural life at *its* beginning, it is weak, and in danger of death. What may come before it is something different from, something less than, 'being born of water and of the SPIRIT'; what comes after it is not a monstrous third or fourth birth, but a re-quickening of that which, perhaps, was ready to die. That gift, as the Church teaches, her children got; this they must keep; this they must return to if they fall. This first new birth they must not let go till they enjoy its consummation in the other day of birth when they will be 'children of the Resurrection.'

"I am anxious to emphasise all this, because it is important for all men to understand that the Church's controversy against doubters, far or near,

*concerns the way and method of salvation.* This one article of the faith being accepted, all the rest comes as a matter of course. If the washing of water be not a mere putting away of the filth of the flesh, but a being buried and risen with CHRIST in—not apart from, or signified by, but in—Baptism, then the Bread and Wine are not a weak revival of Jewish symbols, but are what the LORD ‘verily, verily’ says they are. And, if such holy mysteries are dispensed, it stands to reason that their dispensers must be carefully set apart and authorised, and that the community within which they are dispensed must be an organised body, to which all should flee, and from which none should depart.”

Speaking of another aspect of Holy Baptism, Father Pollock once begged his people not to delay bringing their children until they were old enough to exclaim at the Font, as did one little girl whom he baptized, “I’ll tell my mother what you’ve done to me!”

Concerning the ceremonial at S. Alban’s, Father Pollock tells this story in his *Vaughton’s Hole*:—

“Speaking of ‘the influence of Church ritual,’ Dr. Oldknow remarks: ‘A Wesleyan Methodist, who lately witnessed the procession of priests and choristers proceeding from the vestry to the chapel of the (S. Alban’s) mission in this parish, singing a hymn as they went, told one of the clergy that he could not help bursting into tears. ‘I shall not leave my own place,’ he added, ‘but for all that I shall come and see you sometimes.’”

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It may be mentioned, however, that the use of incense was discontinued by Father Pollock in obedience to the injunction of his Bishop.

The brothers were, both in doctrine and practice, good soldiers of JESUS CHRIST. Father Pollock has been called "a people's parson" and "a teaching Priest." The names are fitly bestowed, and are just as suitable to Father Tom. One who knew them and their work well, and was associated with it, says that "as Mission Priests they stood on a pinnacle." The keynote of their devoted lives may be found in the title, "a servant of servants," which the younger was wont to apply to himself. They lived themselves in the plainest and simplest manner. They made themselves personally responsible for debts on the church and schools, and by sacrificing much of their patrimony in the Isle of Man, and by untiring efforts to gain help from others, the Mission Priests of S. Alban's raised £100,000 in twenty years for church and school work in their district.

S. Alban's was worth £150 a year, but Father Pollock maintained three assistant clergy, besides his brother and himself, six lay-readers, and four sisters.

Of what condition were S. Alban's people Father Pollock gives a vivid picture in reply to some who said that S. Alban's had "a very wealthy congregation, able to pay for all that is wanted." "In reply I offer no opinion of my own, but quote from the column of our Baptismal Register marking 'Quality, Trade, or Profession' of father, and give all the entries for the last 100 baptisms of our twenty-five years, and



the first 100 baptisms of the twenty-sixth year:— Baker, barman, basket-maker, bedstead polisher, blacksmith, bone-turner, boot-finisher, bootmaker, brass-caster, brass-dresser, brassfounder, bricklayer, bricklayer's labourer, brickmaker, brushmaker, burnisher, butcher, cabinetmaker, cab proprietor, carpenter, carriage-lamp maker, carriage-lamp spinner, carter, carver, chandelier maker, chandelier worker, clerk, coach axle-tree turner, coach-painter, collier, commercial traveller, compositor, cook, cooper, coppersmith, currier, electro-plater, electro-plate finisher, engineer, engine-driver, engine-fitter, factory worker, fender maker, file-cutter, filer, fireman, fitter, French polisher, fruiter, gardener, gasfitter, general dealer, glassblower, grate-fitter, gun action filer, gun-maker, hairdresser, horse dealer, horse keeper, house painter, iron plate worker, jeweller, labourer, lamp maker, leather bag maker, machinist, mail-cart driver, maltster, metal-roller, millwright, moulder, nail-caster, packer, packing-case maker, painter, paper-cutter, paperhanger, pin pointer, plane maker, plasterer, plumber, police-officer, purse maker, railway guard, railway porter, refreshment house keeper, rule maker, saddle-tree maker, slater, stableman, stamper, steeplejack, stick-dresser, stoker, stove-maker, surgeon, sweep, tailor, thimble maker, tinner, tinplate worker, tube drawer, upholsterer, venetian blind maker, vice maker, warehouseman, wire drawer, wire weaver, wood paviour." The "surgeon" was very probably Dr. J. W. Taylor, the eminent specialist, a saintly and beloved physician, author of the *Coming of the Saints*, sometime churchwarden of S. Alban's, and a contributor

to the pages of *The Gospeller*, who was but recently called to his well-earned rest.

Of the people of S. Alban's Mission, whose "quality" he has just stated, he writes:—

"These are our people—not merely the inhabitants of the district in which we work, but our people in a higher sense—those who accept our ministrations and seek the ordinances of GOD at our hands. The 50,986 copper coins which they contributed to the offertory last year, gave another proof of their attachment to S. Alban's. And, let me add, these good people have an attractive power peculiar to themselves. The history of our town parishes is a history of change, retirement, and promotion. No other district in Birmingham has retained the same Priest for the last twenty-five years; two Priests at S. Alban's are in the twenty-sixth of their work there.

"The three parts of the work must be maintained. But whatever we do, we must not neglect the definite mission work for which S. Alban's was founded. A 'show church' would be an absurdity, as well as a profanity, in S. Alban's district."

Among the good, loving people of whom Father Pollock speaks so affectionately, and who of their penury gave so willingly, was an inmate of the almshouses near S. Alban's Church, who collected no less than £36, 5s., chiefly in pennies, from her poor neighbours.

The beginning of S. Alban's Mission was in a small building, called disparagingly by some "the shed." What it had grown into at the end of the labours of Father Pollock and his Brother may be

judged from their last announcements on the covers of *The Gospeller*, their Parish Magazine.

#### DISTRICT OF S. ALBAN THE MARTYR.

S. ALBAN'S, S. PATRICK'S, S. COLUMBA'S, and S. KATHARINE'S contain 2260 kneelings, *all* free and unappropriated at *all* services.

HOURS OF SUNDAY SERVICES, Sunday Schools, and other Sunday work, see "S. ALBAN'S CLOCK."

WEEK-DAY SERVICES at S. Alban's: Holy Communion, daily except Thursday, 7.30; Thursday, 8; Mattins, daily, 11; Litany, Wednesday and Friday, 7.30 P.M.; Evensong, daily, Choral, 8. Sermon at Evensong on Friday.

S. Alban's Church is open all day for Private Prayer. The Clergy may be seen after any Service, or by appointment; Saturday, 12, 5, and 8.30.

HOLY BAPTISM on the first Sunday of each month, at 4 P.M., and every Thursday, at 8 P.M. during Evensong. No Fee of any kind for Baptism. *Churchings* a quarter of an hour before any Service, except Evensong on Sunday and Friday; no Fee, but Offerings may be given.

Baptisms in the eleven years, 1884 to 1894, 8237. January, 1895, 66; February, 53; March, 64; April, 36; May, 71; June, 50; July, 57; August, 42; September, 56; October, 59; Total, 554.

S. ALBAN'S CHURCH SOCIETY.

S. AGNES' HOME and ORPHANAGE.

SISTERHOOD OF THE HOLY NAME.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—*See* S. Alban's Clock.

DAY SCHOOLS.—Five Schools; accommodation, 1450.

GUILD OF S. GEORGE.

GUILD OF S. KATHARINE.

GUILD OF S. PATRICK.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

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S. ALBAN'S DORCAS SOCIETY.

NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS conducted by the Sisterhood of S. Agnes and by the Sisterhood of the Holy Name.

POPULATION OF S. ALBAN'S DISTRICT.—In 1865, about 4500; in 1871, 8766; in 1881, 12,723; in 1891, 13,444.

A glance at the S. Alban's Clock, a striking feature of the parochial organisation, will show how Sundays in S. Alban's district were spent.

### SAINT ALBAN'S CLOCK.

JESUS CHRIST

The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

*Every Sunday in the District of S. Alban the Martyr,  
Birmingham.*



7 †HOLY COMMUNION . . . . S. Alban's.  
7.30 HOLY COMMUNION . . . . S. Patrick's.

8	†HOLY COMMUNION . . . . .	S. Alban's.
9.30	Bible Class for Men . . . . .	Leopold Street.
10	Sunday Schools . . . . .	Leopold Street.
10	Sunday Schools . . . . .	Highgate Street.
10	Senior Classes for Girls . . . . .	S. Katharine's.
10.30	†Mattins . . . . .	S. Alban's.
11	†HOLY COMMUNION and Sermon . . . . .	S. Alban's.
11	Mattins and Sermon . . . . .	S. Patrick's.
11	Children's Service . . . . .	S. Katharine's.
3	Sunday School . . . . .	Leopold Street.
3	Sunday School . . . . .	Highgate Street.
3	Bible Classes for Young Men . . . . .	Leopold Street.
3	†Bible Class for Men . . . . .	S. Alban's.
3	Senior Classes for Girls . . . . .	S. Katharine's.
3	Senior Classes for Girls . . . . .	S. Patrick's.
3	Bible Class for Women . . . . .	H. N. Home.
3	Infants' School . . . . .	S. Agnes' Home.
4	†Sunday School Service . . . . .	S. Alban's.
4	Sunday School Service . . . . .	S. Patrick's.
4.30	Parish Library . . . . .	S. Alban's Depot.
6	†Litany . . . . .	S. Alban's.
6.30	†Evensong and Sermon . . . . .	S. Alban's.
6.30	Evensong and Sermon . . . . .	S. Patrick's.
6.30	Children's Service . . . . .	S. Katharine's.
7	Evensong and Service . . . . .	S. Columba's.

Services at S. Alban's Church, Conybere Street, are marked thus †.

Of the position of affairs in S. Alban's Mission in 1890 Father Pollock writes:—

“Our ‘plant’ is excellent and well placed; and the generous, self-sacrificing zeal of our loving people has made it, for the present, free from debt

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and danger. They proposed to raise £1700 to pay off the balance of the church building debt, as a thankoffering at the end of our first twenty-five years' work, and in four months they raised £2200. In our four churches, some slight alterations now being made give us room for more than 2200 worshippers, every kneeling free and unappropriated. We have the largest of the day schools in Birmingham that are not under a 'Board'; two or three of the Board schools exceed our accommodation. And S. Alban's schools are in a high state of efficiency."

The schools of S. Alban's Mission were especially dear to the heart of Father Pollock and his Brother. Both of them often said they would sooner lose their church than their schools.

Looked at in a merely secular light, their day schools were excellent and among the best in Birmingham; from a religious point of view, their influence for good is incalculable when we think of the thousands of children who received Christian education there. Here are some of Father Tom's own words about "Our Schools":—

"Our Schools ;—we love them ; though all else be weak,  
They are our strength, and for themselves can speak.  
We want to make them stronger, and to give  
Help to the earnest ones whose work will live  
In those whom for both worlds they teach and train,  
And educate in conscience and in brain.

We do not think the R's are only three,  
We think Religion first of four to be.

These little ones are given to our care ;  
Betray our solemn trust we cannot dare ;  
We're bound to them and GOD to do our best,  
And as we bring them blessing we are blest."

Both the brothers were extremely fond of children, and in their walks through the district were ever accompanied by a train of often smutty-faced and ragged little lambs. One who was intimately associated in the work of S. Alban's Mission writes:—

"I have several times seen, when walking along the streets with Father Pollock, the children kiss the hem of his cloak as he passed along; but I think he was quite oblivious."

One of his favourite stories concerned a little girl, who teased her father so persistently to come to the Mission Chapel that he exclaimed at last, "You would worry the leg off an iron pot."

Father Tom had pet names for his small friends. One dear little golden-haired lassie he always called "Shiney," because he never saw her without a smile on her face. He was wont to say, with more than a measure of truth, that he knew more about the babies than many of their own mothers did. The comment on his verses "Mother and Child," by an excellent mother, not one of his people, who read them unaware of their authorship, was "None but a mother could have written those lines." Father Pollock used himself to confess that he almost broke down whenever he read the Lesson about the little lad (2 Kings iv.), and there was a poem, "Little Evelyn," by the Rev. Basil Edwards, which

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he said he could never read without tears. He would never turn away any boy from Sunday School, and he was lenient with the failings of this part of his flock. "Boys," he used to say, "always rhymes with noise": of which fact there is small doubt. But both Father Pollock and Father Tom could be stern enough when real wrong-doing or irreverence was in question; and there was one game, "Kiss-in-the-ring," which was never allowed either at the Christmas gathering or the Summer excursion. The last-named event was a day of days at S. Alban's. The whole neighbourhood used to turn out to see the great procession from the schools in Leopold Street to Camp Hill Station. The procession was accompanied by the brass band and drum and fife band, and carried many banners. Upon one occasion, says the Parish Magazine, "No less than 1189 boys and girls, with 210 teachers and friends, assembled. Two special trains bore this great gathering of youth and happiness to Kingsbury." The trains were sometimes more than filled. The present writer has seen the parcel rack laden with laughing little ones, for whom no other room could be found.

It was almost always fine weather for the excursion into the country. Father Tom used to tell the children to pray for the Angels to put all their wings together and keep the rain off.

On the day of the excursion the two brothers belonged to the children, and they did what they liked with them. It was a sight to see the return procession, which the whole neighbourhood again



turned out to meet and admire, and dear Father Pollock, with his hat encircled with wild flowers, looking very tired, but happy, and, as some said, like a sacrificial victim decked with garlands!

Father Tom was wont to say that "as a rule, when people are happy, they are good," and after one of the happy school treats he wrote:—

"I was teaching a large class of children. Our school excursion to the country, a few days before, had been very happy. The weather had been perfect, and all had gone well. I spoke to the children about it. I asked them who had most pleasure in seeing their enjoyment. Every hand was held out. I told them to answer together; all said at once 'GOD.' They were surely right, and happy are those who learn thus to think of their Heavenly FATHER as One who loves to look upon His children's joy, and can enter into their feelings about all He gives to make them glad."

The procession of children from all S. Alban's Mission Sunday Schools on Festival Days was another great sight, which all the district turned out to see. The children perambulated the parish, and then assembled with their banners and the drum and fife band at S. Alban's Church in Conybere Street, where a very impressive little service was conducted by Father Pollock.

No picture of S. Alban's Mission can be complete without the mention of two names—that of Sister Emma, with her rosy, winter-apple face, bright eyes like a bird, and brisk, cheery manner. Her alert figure, in grey cloak and bonnet, was familiar in

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S. Alban's district for many years, and she has been truly called the "right hand of the Brothers Pollock throughout their long and stormy life at S. Alban's." She survived them by some years. Of her work at S. Agnes' Home, Father Tom's Christmas "Prologue" of 1892 says:—

"No words can tell, for no one really knows,  
What to S. Agnes' Home S. Alban's owes,  
That quiet wisdom and that steady force,  
Like sun and air, we take as things of course,  
But things we take for granted while we use them  
We wonder what would happen should we lose them."

The boys from S. Agnes' Home used to serve the Altar in S. Alban's Church, and there were some among them of whom the Church might well be proud.

The other name is that of good old Thomas Litchfield, the Cross-bearer for many years, whom the present writer remembers as an always venerable figure in S. Alban's procession, and who also survived Father Pollock and his Brother, living himself to a patriarchal age.

Of the parochial work of the two Mission Priests volumes might be written. Men of high intellect, culture, and refinement, more fitted, seemingly, for the quiet of a cathedral close or a university quadrangle than for Mission Priests, must have found much that was uncongenial in the grimy slums of Vaughton's Hole. But none could have guessed it, for the heart of each was in S. Alban's. At any hour of the day and night, in all weathers, were they

ready to answer the calls of their people either for spiritual or material aid, and though neither of the brothers was ever strong in health, they never spared themselves. One anecdote of Father Pollock will show how his parish work was done. One bitterly cold night, when he was far from well, a call came from a remote part of the district. Late though it was, Father Pollock set off at once to the place, where he found a man very ill, and in a state of great destitution, there being neither food nor fire in the house. With no thought of his own fatigue or frail health this devoted Priest returned to his house, with his own hands filled a barrow with coal and wood, wheeled it himself to the miserable abode, kindled a fire, and remained with the sick man all night. This incident was related in a Dissenting pulpit the evening of the Sunday on which Father Pollock was called to his rest; and the preacher concluded his narrative by the question, "Which of us would have done that?" Such deeds were but matters of course with the Priests of S. Alban's. One of their people, who knew the mission from the first, on being told of the above incident, remarked that it was nothing compared to the things done by Father Pollock and his Brother during the terrible smallpox time.

Concerning the terrible smallpox time, Father Pollock himself only says that "throughout S. Alban's district the visitation was very severe. As soon as the smallpox came to Birmingham it attacked S. Alban's district, and, when it had left nearly every other part, it lingered with us. A list

of streets was published in the papers, giving the number of cases in each; two of our streets were very near the top of the list. For many months our poor people suffered severely."

Those who knew anything of the methods of Father Pollock and his Brother can read much between the lines of this plain setting-down of facts. Some of Father Pollock's remarkable stories of the supernatural have to do with the dreadful days of the smallpox epidemic.

Father Tom took a special interest in the improvement of the sanitary condition of the crowded district in which he worked. The remarkable letter he wrote to the *Daily Post* drew widespread attention to the subject; and the improved state of sanitary affairs in S. Alban's parish was no doubt due to his spirited action in this matter. A few extracts from his letter may fitly be quoted here:—

"We found and support great hospitals. Most of the outlay on these ought, I solemnly believe, to be spent on prevention. We knock a man down with one hand, and hold out sticking-plaster with the other. We poison men, and then buy costly antidotes."

"When epidemic breaks out, people turn up their eyes and talk of Providence. I have no patience with this ignorant slander of the Almighty. Men lay to the charge of GOD what is done by their own greed and dullness."

"If I breathe bad air, or live in dirt willingly, I am a suicide. If I force others to do this, or do not do my best to help them, I am a murderer."

A good illustration of the practical interest Father Tom took in the temporal welfare of his poor people is given by a little story from his parochial experiences, which he calls "Down Stairs," and relates in his own dry, racy fashion:—

"The right and usual way of going down is to put one foot before the other. Sometimes—very often, it is to be feared—the feet go wrong, and the head goes first. This happened to an aged person about a fortnight ago. I saw her to-day. Her head is wounded severely, and she has sustained other serious injuries.

"'For want of a nail the shoe was lost,  
For want of a shoe the horse was lost.'

For want of a rope or rod or some simple contrivance of the sort, several people fall and hurt themselves.

"Some of the stairs in our new jerry-built houses are awful to look at. In some streets the two flights of stairs commonly are in one straight line, and it is a service of danger to go up or down. No wonder that a good old woman said to me some days ago, 'I pray to the LORD before I go down-stairs, and I pray to the LORD when I go up.' And well she might if she lived in one of the houses I describe.

"But, as I said, a rope *securely fastened* might be a great comfort in guarding against danger to old and young, and in lessening the trials of the feeble."

A similar instance from the present writer's own

knowledge will show how Father Tom endeared himself to the hearts of his people. He one day went to see a parishioner who was very ill, and found his wife in great distress. Her husband, a very stout, heavy man, had taken the fancy that he would be more comfortable if his bed were turned round, and there was none in the house who was strong enough to do it. Father Tom at once went away, and returned immediately with the S. Alban's verger, and together they moved the bed with the sick man in it into the position he desired.

The Mission Priests of S. Alban's were indeed at all times ready to spend and be spent in the service of their flock (the grapes in their greenhouse were just enough, as they said, for their sick people). This willingness of service was sometimes abused. Father Tom used to tell a story of a man, described as being very ill, to whom he was summoned one Good Friday after he had taken the Three Hours' Service and was much exhausted. The messenger was asked whether, as the Priest was so tired, the next day would not do. But, being assured the case was urgent, weary as he was, Father Tom set off, to find his importunate parishioner suffering from the effects of a drunken revel, and to be confronted with the appeal, "Oh, sir, if you'll only pray the beer out of me this time, I'll never touch it again."

Father Tom's medical knowledge stood him in good stead in his parish work. Frequently he used to take out the children's teeth for them; some of the little ones, if they had a loose tooth,

would save it till Father Tom's next parochial visit, and he has been known to dress very carefully and tenderly the scalded foot of one of his old people. It is on record that this patient would willingly have retarded recovery for the sake of his attendance!

Father Pollock was out among his people during the fearful gale of November 1890, when Lord Cantelupe's yacht went down; and a bitterly cold morning with deep snow in February 1895, when they were out at the early Celebrations, was to both brothers the last straw of the heavy load they had carried unflinchingly for so long. Both were at this time in very weak health, and neither of them had strength enough to throw off the ill effects of the chill and their exertions of that day, and the life of each might then have been numbered by months. It was no marvel that they came to be regarded with an almost idolising affection.

How the poor people felt about their Parish Priests is best described in the words of one of them just after Father Pollock's death. "We felt as if we had lost everybody belonging to us." The scenes at the funerals, within a year of each other, amply justified the saying.

The literary labours of the Priest-Brothers, no small part, indeed, of their day's work, and inextricably interwoven with it, need only be mentioned here, as they are considered at length in another chapter.

Very weary and exhausted at the close of each day must these toilers in the LORD'S vineyard have

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been. Talking one day to a young member of his flock upon the subject of reading in bed, "People go to bed to sleep," Father Pollock remarked, and added that he himself always repeated "Sun of my soul," the last thing at night, and was usually asleep before the first verse was finished.



## CHAPTER V.

### FATHER TOM'S "PROLOGUES."

"Give me the man who bears a big load lightly,  
And looks on grave things with a blithe face brightly."  
—GOETHE.

FATHER TOM'S original, inimitable rhymed "Prologues," written in the metre of Pope's "Essay on Man," and showing a very keen and shrewd, yet altogether kindly and charitable knowledge of human nature, are unique in character. Each "Prologue" contained an epitome of the last year's history, and these records in rhyme give an excellent idea of the work of S. Alban's and of the spirit in which that work was done. The reading of the "Prologue" by its author, in his own dry, humorous manner, was one of the chief attractions of the Christmas social gatherings.

The "Prologue" selected and quoted almost at length is the last ever produced, being recited at S. Alban's Christmas gathering, 1894:—

#### PROLOGUE.

Another, yet another! so we tell  
That years are born, and ring their parting knell;  
Each as it comes fresh promise seems to bring,  
Each seems to fly away on swifter wing.

The hours that men so slowly learn to prize  
 Seem less in number and of smaller size,  
 For, stretch them as we may, they cannot hold  
 New claims born daily, crowding on the old.  
 Time is not wasted while we rest awhile,  
 Or with some pleasant sport our cares beguile.  
 No heart is merry idly and in vain  
 That doeth good, like medicine in our pain.  
 S. Alban's keeps its thirtieth Christmastide,  
 And we are few who, working side by side,  
 Through all those years have had the joy to share  
 Together all its varied strife and care.

And year by year, as welcome friends we gain,  
 Old friends we miss, who in our hearts remain.  
 Their memory must inspire our heart and will,  
 Our work must show their spirit with us still.

The men of old shrank not from utter loss ;  
 They bravely faced the lions and the cross.  
 Now men are traitors to their cause, and fear  
 To own their faith, because the godless sneer.  
 In times of peace they feebly cast away  
 What heroes won in many a fiercest fray.  
 Ours be the heart of those who onward pressed  
 To find new work, not selfish ease and rest.  
 Shame if the smallest vantage ground be lost,  
 Which those before us won with toil and cost.  
 Shame, if degenerate and faithless grown,  
 Our highest aim is but to hold our own,  
 To live in pleasant mutual admiration,  
 To care for self, and call it concentration.  
 We have what others wrought, in trust and charge,  
 To deepen, broaden, strengthen and enlarge.  
 Our gains reveal the wants that still abound ;  
 The lights that shine show darkness all around.  
 S. Alban's as a Mission lives and grows ;  
 No other name, no other calling knows ;  
 We tend the tree that lifts its towering head,  
 So fruitful branches will their shadow spread ;

We make the centre strong that it may prove  
A sun, around which other lights may move.

Our profits have a limit, only one ;  
'Tis measured by the work that can be done ;  
And that upon the workers and the size  
Of what we well may call our factories.  
We started with what scoffers called a shed ;  
It proved too small ; we built a Church instead ;  
In cottages and shops we opened schools,  
Untrammelled there by the Department's rules.  
We tried to look before us, and provide  
For what was coming, using as our guide,  
With wisest prudence, not our cash in hand,  
But what the needs around us might demand.  
Rashness in dealing about stocks and shares,  
Is business foresight with our sort of wares.  
There is a bank on which the Church can draw,  
Managed by no hard economic law ;  
Blank cheques are in the hands of faith to sign,  
Dishonoured never by the Bank Divine.

S. Alban's stands, a monument to those  
By whose united gifts and prayers it rose :  
A witness to the world of higher things  
Than those to which the earthly spirit clings ;  
A home where rich and poor may feel the rest  
Unknown to stranger, or to passing guest.  
Its ever open door, its frequent bell,  
Of holy brotherhood and welcome tell ;  
Its walls already show the mellowed tone  
That age bestows on blended tile and stone,  
While arch and roof and pillar and arcade  
Show softening harmonies of light and shade.  
We know and love it better year by year,  
And crowding memories make it grow more dear.

S. Patrick's Mission is of age ; it pleads  
With modest confidence its rights and needs.  
The Sunday Schools to such dimensions grow,  
That Church and every Schoolroom overflow,

And like the ancient dweller in a shoe,  
 We often simply know not what to do.  
 Small girls are restless, and we know that boys  
 Must always be a word that rhymes with noise,  
 And classes jostle, close packed side by side ;  
 To conquer in a school, you must divide.  
 Bravely the worried teachers persevere,  
 Upheld by hope that some relief is near.  
 We must not spoil their work, or drive away  
 The elder boys and girls who wish to stay,  
 But whom we must make up our minds to lose,  
 If what they come to get we long refuse.  
 At present we are cabined, cribbed, confined,  
 The Church is hid where it is hard to find :  
 We want a Church that passers-by can see,  
 We want to set the iron building free  
 For other uses—'tis a want that presses ;  
 So every one who knows the facts confesses.  
 We have the ground ; 'tis paid for and our own ;  
 We ask no guarantee or friendly loan ;  
 We will not mortgage, or in reckless way  
 Fresh needless burdens on S. Alban's lay.  
 We wish to work for duty, not for pride,  
 And keep our banker's pass-book as our guide.  
 That shows us how some hundreds volunteered  
 Before appeal or statement had appeared.  
 We dare not doubt that when our needs are told,  
 The means shall be forthcoming as of old.

Are Schools worth keeping ? so the faithless ask,  
 To whom school work is but a weary task ;  
 Who only reckon up the care and cost,  
 Forgetting what would follow were they lost.  
 Who feel not for the lambs, whom Angels high  
 Are ever watching o'er with jealous eye.  
 Some ask rate aid, and are content to share  
 With aliens what is all the Church's care.  
 Let us be sure that it is better far  
 To trust in Him Whose own the children are,

Than trust rate-payers, and by gold beguiled,  
 To part with more than half of every child.  
 This would not be to safeguard, but to slay,  
 And all that is worth keeping give away.  
 The Church's Schools are Hers ; they are not ours ;  
 We hold a trust ; we have no selling powers.  
 If we are faithless, men will hear our name  
 In after days with anger and with shame.  
 We want to educate, not merely teach,  
 To watch o'er every child, and give to each  
 That which for all its nature will provide  
 For all its life a sure and upward guide.  
 We want such teachers as, through all the day,  
 Teach both by what they are and what they say,  
 Not hirelings whom rate-payers might employ  
 To force through standards so much girl or boy.  
 You say that this means money, self-denial ;  
 It does, and now the Church is on her trial.  
 Shall we lose life to save the cost of food,  
 Betray our greatest vantage-ground for good,  
 And bring upon our niggard souls the guilt  
 Of tumbling down what those before us built !  
 No niggard souls are yours ; you'll do your part,  
 As you have ever done, with cheerful heart ;  
 You'll show your sense of blessings you receive,  
 You've learned the blessedness of those who give.  
 The Sale of Work has not been held for nought,  
 Thanks to the workers and to those that bought ;  
 But surely we can pay our debts without  
 A way so wearisome and roundabout ;  
 If all will give what honestly is due,  
 The burden will not crush the willing few ;  
 The blessing, too, will be more widely shared,  
 And time and toil for other work be spared.  
 How many works there are that, year by year,  
 With growing strength and growing claims appear !  
 The Guilds, the classes, it is hard indeed,  
 To keep them all in mind and know their need.

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The orchestra deserves a grateful word,  
From time to time it makes its voice be heard.  
The drums and fifes shrill pleasant uproar make ;  
The neighbours say it keeps their babes awake.  
Three new departures prove our keen desire  
To have each year fresh irons in the fire.  
The Lad's Brigade will happily employ  
The restless energies of many a boy.  
The Class for Men on Sunday afternoon,  
Long waited for, will count its hundreds soon.  
The working men have found a home at last,  
Their wandering life in tents will soon be past.  
The Club will open with the opening year,  
The house is taken, and the way is clear.  
Too clear the rooms of fittings—who'll supply them,  
From unused stores, or give the cash to buy them ?  
We want chairs, tables, and we can't afford  
To buy a bagatelle or billiard board.  
The gift of a piano would be pleasant,  
We'll have them all, though maybe not at present.  
Then papers of the week and of the day,  
And pictures too to make the walls look gay.

This wearies you ; for you have come to hear  
Not tales of work, but words of restful cheer,  
To banish thoughts of care, and live awhile  
As if all faces always wore a smile.  
Together let us try with all our powers  
To brighten, as they pass, these social hours ;  
Let us be merry, helping, every one,  
The common cause of friendliness and fun.  
S. Alban's must unite us all as friends,  
Who meet together as the Old Year ends,  
United by our common memories,  
And common hopes and aims and sympathies.  
The New Year's wishes that our lips express  
Will rouse to seek each other's happiness :  
Let us remember through the coming year  
The words of greeting we have spoken here ;

And one in hearty fellowship aspire  
 To work the ends we say that we desire.

A previous chapter contained some lines from one of Father Tom's "Prologues." The following extracts from various years are also well worth quoting, for the gems of thought and wisdom they enshrine.

"Another Christmas brings its thoughts of cheer,  
 We speed the parting, hail the coming year ;  
 We think of work accomplished, battles won,  
 And brace our strength for what must yet be done.  
 We learn, while looking back upon the past,  
 How dangers yield, and troubles do not last ;  
 The hardest task, that strains our faith and skill,  
 Is but a task worth doing with a will.  
 With but one life to live, who would not choose  
 A lot that sloth or cowardice would refuse,  
 The fortunes of a struggling cause to share,  
 And with the brave and earnest, do and dare ?"

And again—

"We are not thoughtless, though we are not sad.  
 The truly thoughtful are indeed the glad,  
 For Christmas joy its conquering light can throw  
 Where hangs the shadow of earth's darkest woe.  
 Let weak-kneed folly mope with downcast eyes,  
 Let us be strong, be merry and be wise.

. . . . .  
 If grudge exist, or loss of confidence—  
 No matter what the plea or the pretence—  
 That in this Holy Season has not died,  
 Let him who hugs it carry it outside.

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Let idlers quarrel ; we have not the time,  
Who feel that lack of diligence is crime ;  
The waste of energy we can't afford  
Which lays aside the spade to wield the sword.

. . . . .

The passing year goes by to come no more,  
It leaves of good and hope a goodly store.  
Prepared for light and dark of coming days,  
We fearless face their yet untrodden ways.  
The records of the past this truth declare,  
That triumphs are for those who do and dare ;  
And though the future no one can foretell,  
With duty's soldiers—all is always well.”

Again—

“ True friendship neither years nor space can sever,  
True friends, where'er they are, are friends for ever.”

And—

“ We must forbear and bear, and try to feel  
What seems unkind is often only zeal,  
Like Marryat's hero, who, the book declares,  
In purest zeal, once kicked a man downstairs.”

To conclude, there is a wealth of true wisdom in  
these trenchant lines on education—

“ Some people think they have a revelation  
Vouchsafed to them alone on education ;  
They talk of things self-evidently true,  
As if of things quite wonderful and new.  
They boast of things that they have just found out,  
Which long ago the Church knew all about ;



And then in quite superior tone they preach  
To those who taught them all that they can teach.  
And they put on a manner wondrous wise,  
Like kittens with their newly-opened eyes,  
As if the things which they begin to see  
Were things that only now begin to be."

## CHAPTER VI.

### SOME LINES OF CHARACTER.

“ Blending their souls’ sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play.”

—HOUGHTON.

THE characters of the two Priest-Brothers were in some respects a contrast, the elder being more enthusiastic, and less calm and cautious than the younger. Father Tom, no doubt, had an excellent head for business, and was very shrewd and practical; though Father Pollock was not so much in the clouds as some were apt to think, and could be very practical when there was occasion if the welfare of one of his people was concerned.

Both were ardent, untiring battlers for the right, brave champions of purity and truth. True to the spirit of his own soul-stirring lines—

“ We are soldiers of CHRIST, Who is mighty to save,  
And His Banner the Cross is unfurled;  
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave  
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,  
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,  
The pure Spirit of GOD in our nature shall reign,  
And our spirits their freedom shall win,”

Father Tom during his last year of life, under the *nom de guerre* of "An Old-fashioned Man," entered the lists in the cause of purity against a very popular but unsavoury novel which a kindly-meaning but mistaken friend had given him, hoping he would enjoy its perusal! It is good to know that "An Old-fashioned Man" had the best of that battle.

Both the brothers were intensely lovable and sympathetic, whether in joy or sorrow. Father Tom's two simple words, "I know," to one who was trying with difficulty to tell out a tale of sorrow, had in them a whole world of indescribable consolation. Each had also in a high degree the gift, precious to all workers, priceless to a Priest, of seeing the best in every one, and if he could not see it, of believing it was there. Of brightness, another invaluable gift, both brothers had a large endowment. They had neither time nor inclination for melancholy musings; and their strong, bright faith made them both optimists, though the natural disposition of each was also happy and cheerful. Father Pollock was, so to speak, more sparkling. He seemed to bring the sunshine with him, and to take it away when he left.

Shrewd and practical though Father Tom might be, his sense of strict rectitude was ever predominant. "I don't want a *bargain*. I wish to pay the fair and proper price," was his reply to a friend who had offered to procure, as "a great bargain," a Shetland pony which Father Tom wished to give to a small relation.

Father Pollock, as well as Father Tom, had a keen sense of humour, and the conversation of either was a mental treat. They had an inexhaustible fund of good stories, and could tell them well. One of the former's was of two rival parish clerks in the days of three-deckers and barrel-organs. Both were enthusiastic performers, and tried to outvie each other in the realistic method of their playing. One of these boasted how he could make his instrument describe the "hailstones and coals of fire" of Psalm xviii. "Ah," retorted his rival, referring triumphantly to Psalm lix., "but you should hear mine grin like a dog, and run about through the city!"

Father Tom used to tell of an inexperienced cleric who, having an old-fashioned Bible wherein the letter "s" was printed long like an "f," before him, read a passage from the Prophet Ezekiel thus: "The fathers have eaten *four* grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." He could enjoy a joke against himself, and would relate, with a twinkle in his eye, how on his inquiring of the bookseller concerning the sale of one of his volumes on the Psalms, he had been told that it was much bought and liked by old ladies.

Father Pollock fairly bubbled over with merriment at times. A humorous picture, of his own painting, occurs to the mind of a certain wedding festivity, where—he had a particular antipathy to bride-cake—he held the hostess in rapt attention by his charming conversation. But all the while his hand, holding the slice of bride-cake, was behind

his chair, to the supreme delight of a lucky dog, who was there surreptitiously regaled.

Another of his stories told how, when he was paying parochial visits to a public-house in the district about the middle of the day, a man was overheard commiserating "poor Mr. Pollock," who had no one to send, and had "to fetch his beer himself."

Father Tom had a peculiar dry humour of his own, very apparent in his terse and trenchant remarks, and in his "Prologues" and his manner of reading them. His eyes were ever keenly observant, and would twinkle with fun when, on a parochial visit, he said to a little maid answering the door, and vainly trying to dispose unperceived of a jug in her hand, "You took me for the milkman!"

There is a fine touch of subtle humour in the heading of some papers Father Pollock wrote periodically for *The Gospeller* :—

#### "BOOKS WITHOUT NAMES.

"Under this heading it is proposed to notice from time to time certain publications which it is well to review, but not well to advertise."

The same subtle sense is observable in the following little piece found among Father Pollock's *Gospeller* MSS. :—

#### "THAT FACE.

"It is right to ask questions in a right way. But there is a wrong way, too often followed.

Some people with little experience or knowledge are wont to sneer at truths which wiser men hold firmly. In one case of this kind, a looking-glass was held before the caviller, and he was asked whether such questions suited that face."

All beauties of the natural world were appreciated to the full by both brothers.

Father Pollock, as the present writer recalls, seemed one day quite unable to take his eyes off a pot of coral moss (a pretty little green plant with bright scarlet berries) which he said was a fit ornament for a poet's table.

He had an intense love for beautiful scenery, and would often, as in the following instance, illustrate his sermons by his holiday experiences:—

"I was once walking through a wild, mountainous district. It was a fine evening in summer. The calm solitude, the glories of the setting sun, the blue expanse of heaven, the few clouds passing across the sky, the steep hill in front—all reminded me of the Transfiguration. It was the 6th of August. I remarked to my companion that it was a pity we had not a hymn-book to sing the hymn appointed for the Feast. He took the hymn-book I wanted out of his pocket. When we reached the top of the mountain we stood there and sang the hymn. Need I say how we realised the wonders of the 'holy mount?'

"The 6th of August in each year is the Feast of the Transfiguration, as you will see in the Prayer Book Kalendar. Do we think enough of the glories of that day?"

Father Tom is the author of the following word-painting :—

“SUNSET—DAWNING.

*“From my Diary in Lapland.*

“The sunset I saw at Haparanda, at the extreme north of the Gulf of Bothnia, was never to be forgotten. The sun only dipped behind a hill, and was hidden for scarce half-an-hour. We lost little of his light, and sunrise came before the loveliest sunset I ever saw had passed away. As we stood on the river’s bank, we were fairly awed by the dreamlike beauty of the scene. The water was like a mirror, smooth and clear, imaging everything around with a wonderful distinctness.

“Some men were sweeping a wood-raft down stream, and each dip of the oars seemed to break the silence with a shock. There were no other sounds, but now and then the playing of a fish, or the melancholy cry of a water-fowl. On the river’s farther shore was a large white church, and the shadow of its ghostlike form, and of the green mound on which it stood, was marked on the water in sharp, clear outline. All along the banks, deep shade brought out in marvellous contrast the silvery glow of part of the stream where the rays of daylight clung. To the north was the pretty wooden church of Tornea, standing out against the sky in bold relief, with every turn of its quaint, tall spire and belfry marked. On one side of it there was a blaze of light where the sun had just gone down. One cloud was there, alone in the heavens,

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as if to hold the rays, and give them a resting-place for a while. Gradually the glory grew fainter, and the light changed from shade to shade of colour. And now at the other side of the church, which had been in deep shadow, a light gleamed along the edge of the hill. We could hardly believe it at first, but there before us was sunrise coming, ere the sunset rays had died. We saw the light of one day waning, and the light of another dawning. They blended together. Touching the little church on one side was evening, touching it on the other was morning. We stood gazing on the strange scene of beauty till the sun rose in a cloudless sky and blazed upon us over a blue hill.

“ I watched the sunshine pass away  
One night, in that far northern clime,  
Where, through the pleasant summer-time  
The night is but a gentler day.

I felt the music swelling high  
Of nature's holy, ceaseless psalm,  
The river flowed so deep and calm,  
I could not hear it moving by.

Few sounds the breathless silence stirred,  
The plash of fish beside the shore,  
The dipping of a distant oar,  
The cry of wandering water-bird.

'Twas nearly midnight : in the west  
One cloud lay low along the hill,  
As if it lingered there until  
The sinking sun was laid to rest.



The heavens were spotless ; o'er them shone  
A quiet and a ruddy glow,  
That deepened towards the west, to show  
The path by which the sun had gone.

There all was lit with strangest hue,  
And past the cloud a glory gleamed,  
And up the sky the crimson streamed,  
The low hills wore a deeper blue.

A wooden church, with quaint, tall spire,  
Rose on the river's farther bank,  
And where the sun in glory sank,  
Its western walls were bathed in fire ;

While, to the east, in deepest shade,  
Its outline stood against the sky ;  
The wondrous splendour glowing nigh  
A darker shadow o'er it laid.

And now the light burned low and faint,  
But lovelier as it paler grew,  
And o'er the changing sky it threw  
Such tints as only GOD can paint.

It seemed as if with failing might,  
But holier beauty, died the day :  
I watched to see it pass away,  
And leave the quiet world in night.

Lo ! while I gazed, a sudden ray  
Gleamed where the sky and mountain met,  
Where all had been in shade as yet :—  
I thought it soon would melt away.

But brighter I beheld it shine,  
And farther, higher, radiance throw,  
And burnish with a deepening glow  
The hilltops' clear and waving line.

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Before me there at once were seen  
The sunset and the break of morn—  
A dying day—a day new-born :—  
The quaint old church stood up between."

That Father Tom was a poet of no mean order is now universally acknowledged. He was the inventor of the metrical Litany, and in this particular form of hymn-writing his compositions are unrivalled. The *Litany Appendix*, which was in regular use at the "old S. Alban's," was written by him. It is a perfect treasury of melody and devotion, and also contains some lovely hymns, one or two of which are reprinted among the "Selections" which conclude this memoir. Some of Father Tom's most beautiful hymns, "We are soldiers of CHRIST," "Weep not for Him Who onward bears His Cross to Calvary," &c., and also his Litanies, have found a place in several of our hymnals. Two hymns in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "My LORD, my Master, at Thy Feet adoring," and "O scorned and outcast LORD," are his translations from the French. Of the first of these Father Tom used to complain of an alteration made by the compilers in the last verse which he rendered, and which stood in the original, "O Victim, slain by love."

With characteristic modesty he used to say of himself: "I am only a rhymer, and I do not profess to be more than a mechanical builder up of lines." He would sometimes facetiously style himself a "foolometer," alluding to his being such a stickler for correct scansion.

Father Pollock did not write poetry. He once, however, gave a very interesting lecture on the incongruities of English spelling, in proof whereof he quoted these lines—

“Life’s rough lough I travel, though  
Cough and hiccough plough me through,”

showing how each word, were spelling consistent, might be pronounced in seven different ways. “These lines,” added the lecturer, “are the only poem I ever composed in my life.” But this being so, Father Pollock none the less had the eye and heart of a true poet. No one could listen to his sermons or read his writings and not be quite sure of this. He was also very musical, and had a voice of great sweetness.

Father Pollock’s literary work was of the most extensive and laborious kind, though he has left only two completed volumes of any considerable size—*Out of the Body* and *Dead and Gone*—behind him. His little devotional and instructive manuals are well known and widely circulated. One of the latter, the *Catechism in Story*, is a remarkable monument of thought and labour. Father Pollock took an intense interest in everything relating to the supernatural, and the unseen world. The two volumes above named, which are of great and lasting interest, bear witness to this.

Some extracts from *Out of the Body* are given among the “Selections.”

The following, from the “Introduction” to *Dead*

and *Gone*, is very characteristic of the mind and spirit of its author:—

“A quaint old writer says: ‘When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove,<sup>1</sup> dandling his child in the swaddling clouts with the one hand, and in the other holding his book and reading it.’ I ask no indulgence for my book because I have been constantly engaged in pastoral work. The two go well together: in this case one has helped the other.”

“Mr. Ruddle ends his story of an apparition thus: ‘I being a clergyman, and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.’ I want no security for myself. For *Dead and Gone* I desire some such success as this: ‘Some bought my book on purpose to laugh at it, and lent it to others for them to do the same, to whom GOD blessed it; and who, instead of laughing at it, wept over it, and had their faith encouraged by it.’”<sup>2</sup>

The writer of the present pages has heard Father Tom say that neither he, nor his brother, much as the latter would have appreciated such, ever had any personal experience of supernatural revealings; while their sister, one of the most matter-of-fact and practical of people, could have related remarkable incidents from her own experience.

Some of Father Pollock’s narratives from *Dead and Gone*, which there is little doubt were derived from his own immediate knowledge, are included among the “Selections.”

<sup>1</sup> Father Pollock quotes from Fuller’s *Holy State*. In Lloyd’s *Encyclopedic Dictionary* “stove” is defined as a room artificially heated.

<sup>2</sup> William Huntingdon, S.S. (Sinner Saved).

To those who knew anything of the parochial work of these Mission Priests, who would often visit forty houses in one afternoon, and in cases of extreme illness see a sick parishioner two or three times in one day, the literary labour they got through is simply a marvel. The authorship of the *Daily Round* was not generally known until Father Tom had passed away. This priceless volume, which takes its place in Christian literature by the side of the *Imitation of Christ*, had long been read and prized by all schools of religious thought. Our late beloved Queen Victoria had a copy upon her dressing-table for years before she knew, if ever she did know, by whose hands its pages were penned.

*The Gospeller* for July 1909 contains a touching little story of the *Daily Round*.

“Amongst others who volunteered to serve their country in the South African war were a number of men of the Lancashire Hussars. Before leaving their homes I gave to several who lived in my parish (Ashton-in-Mansfield) a copy of the *Daily Round*, of such a size as could be conveniently carried in their tunic breast-pocket, with an earnest request that they would endeavour to read the daily portion. I had subsequent means of knowing that this was generally done. One of these (Abel Ogden) died in the war. Some weeks after his death I received a letter from the Chaplain who attended him at his last moments, and who discovered my name and address in the book. He wrote to inform me that Ogden said to him he had

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only on one or two occasions (when in active service) failed to read the daily portion, and that it had been the greatest comfort and support to him in those terrible days of the war. He passed away in peace with the *Daily Round* at his side. The good Chaplain also wrote to his bereaved mother, and sent to her the few things her son had left behind him.

W. J. MELVILLE."

The present Bishop of London (Winnington-Ingram) in one of his Lenten sermons testified to the value of this work, saying that the *Daily Round* was "one of the best devotional books for daily reading, and one which could be used year after year without tiring of it."

This volume, the two on the Psalms, and the beautiful and helpful papers that enriched *The Gospeller*, and were afterwards collected into the volume *Daily Life*, must, not to mention his poetry, have cost Father Tom an immense amount of time and labour. He had in contemplation, very shortly before he was called away, a collection of translations from French hymns, to be called *Lyra Gallicana*, which he intended to prepare in conjunction with one of his friends whose own poetical efforts he had himself helped and encouraged in a way never to be forgotten.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

“Is there record of any that loved better?”

—*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

“WHEN Cato of Utica was asked who was his best friend, he replied, ‘My brother.’

“‘But next to him?’

“‘My brother.’

“‘And who after that?’

“‘Still my brother.’”

The little old-world story brings before the mind irresistibly a vivid picture of Father Pollock and his Brother. One of the most beautiful features of their lives was the affection which knit the two Priest-Brothers together. It was of such a nature that one could not, and cannot, ever be thought of apart from the other. Father Tom was, as he said, “wedded” to his brother, who, next to his Divine Master, was his one ideal, the centre of his life and hopes.

His love for his brother was amply returned: many who knew both thought that, had the younger been called to rest first, Father Pollock would not have survived him many days. As it was, Father Tom practically died with his brother, though his

bodily frame lingered on earth for almost a year after.

The two brothers were inseparably united, and no thought of parting could be endured by either. Father Tom refused preferment because he would not leave his brother, or seem to be put above him, and was therefore content to remain, as he phrased it, "a common curate" all his life. As he often said, when he first came to Vaughton's Hole, he "thought he could not stay a week." He ended by remaining till his death, and during all that period scarcely ever, if at all, preached a sermon in any other parish. He was the chief mover in all affairs of business, and was wont to say half jestingly, "My brother would have been in the workhouse long ago but for me."

Yet in their spirit of giving, which was princely, as in all else, the brothers were as one. When a legacy of £1000 was once left to one of them, almost his first words were, "What shall *we* do with it?"

Until Father Pollock's last illness the two brothers always waited upon each other. Indeed, during the greater part of their mission work in Birmingham they lived by themselves. They had, however, for four years—she was taken to rest on Holy Innocents' Day 1884—the comfort of the companionship of a sister, much older than either of them. Old friends will remember her genial, sensible face, and her quaint bonnet with blue strings. This sister Anna Elizabeth, Father Pollock, and Father Tom, were the sole survivors of a family



of eleven. The title-page of Father Pollock's book, *Dead and Gone*, bears the following pathetic inscription:—

"To my  
 BROTHER AND FOUR SISTERS,  
 who rested from their labours  
 before I entered into mine,  
 this effort to promote faith in  
 HIM  
 Whom having not seen we love,  
 and communion with  
 them  
 whose faces we see not, or have not seen,  
 who live, and have not left us,  
 is dedicated, with a brother's love."

Father Pollock and his Brother had the deepest love and veneration for their sister, and took the utmost care of her. The present writer remembers hearing her ask, after tea, when the hour for Evensong was approaching, "Is it a fit night to go out?" and Father Tom's characteristic, carefully worded reply, "That depends upon who wants to go."

In all their labours of love, literary and parochial, as well as spiritual, the Priest-Brothers were indissolubly linked together. During Advent and Lent, and at other seasons, Father Pollock's sweet musical voice would be heard at the close of Evensong singing the alternate verses of one of his brother's beautiful Litanies, of "The Four Last Things," "Of Penitence," or "Of the Church."

Father Pollock used to say that his brother

went about the house humming the tunes of these Litanies, and that, for his warning, he related to him the terrible story of a man who was driven crazy by his search for rhymes! Father Tom would tell with much relish this story against himself, emphasising the dire result; the poet's after life being devoted incessantly to such exercises as "bent, spent, rent, went, lent," &c. &c.

*The Gospeller*, S. Alban's Parish Magazine, already alluded to, is mentioned more particularly in this chapter as being a striking example of how in their literary labours the brothers were co-workers for GOD.

The aim and scope of "*The Gospeller*. A Church Paper, conducted by Mission Priests," is set forth in an announcement of "Our Twenty-ninth Year," written while Father Pollock was still upon earth.

"*The Gospeller* has been prepared from the first number till now by Mission Priests who had a spiritual aim and no other in editing it. They continue their work, and have no intention of deviating in the slightest degree from the straight course which has been followed during twenty-eight years. Mission work has, for the most part, suggested the subjects treated and the mode of treating them. We labour to promote practical religion, and to teach it in words easy to be understood. Our doctrine has not varied; because it is not ours, but the authoritative testimony of the Church of England.

"*The Gospeller* is not a business speculation, promoted under the name of the Church or of Religion.

It has a definite work before it, and invites the co-operation of faithful Church people."

The "definite work" was, as its editors were careful repeatedly to explain, to "teach in plain English the full doctrine of the Catholic Church."

*The Gospeller* was a large and very important part of the mission work of S. Alban's in days when magazines of Catholic tone and definite Church teaching were very few. *The Gospeller*, especially in its old broadsheet or quarto form, found its way into hands which would not have picked up the more conventional Church periodicals. It was widely circulated, but not being "a business speculation" it was never a financial success, and was, like other good works of the Mission, largely assisted from the private purse of its Founders.

The parochial sheet Almanac, now so universally popular, was originally "*The Gospeller Almanac*," and started from S. Alban's Mission.

The editors of *The Gospeller* were also large contributors to its pages. All the unsigned articles it contained were written by one or other of the brothers, and all the unsigned verses were from the pen of Father Tom. *Gospeller* volumes have now a unique value, as being the only record of Father Pollock's able and brilliant sermons. His preaching was practically extempore, and his scanty sermon notes offer small material for reconstruction. Father Tom always wrote his excellent practical discourses out at length. Another striking example of their united literary labour may be found in the "Introduction" to *Resting Places*, one of Father Pollock's

admirable little manuals of devotion, taken in connection with Father Tom's "Litany of the Path of Life."

PART I.—*Life* is the gift of God. Faith is the first resting-place of the soul. Born of water and of the SPIRIT, we can take our place in the New Creation.

PART II.—But life is a precious thing. It needs support, and is exposed to enemies. We forget that we were purged from our old sins. Then the gift of *Health* is needed, and it comes in GOD'S appointed way of repentance.

PART III.—When the healing has been in some degree perfected, the weakness of disease departs, and new *Strength* comes from the HOLY GHOST in answer to fervent daily prayer.

PART IV.—But the strength is itself a danger. It needs *Rule* to guide and restrain it all the day.

PART V.—When the rule is fixed, then the duties of daily *Work* in the world may be safely entered upon, and Christian families may call upon the Name of the LORD.

PART VI.—The next most needful "measure" is the *Food* which the LORD commanded to be received. For after the hard work of life, daily bread must be supplied for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls.

PART VII.—Now it is the time of *Rest*. Temptation and affliction will not disturb a peace which passeth understanding, or destroy our great and endless comfort.

PART VIII.—Seven things only may be spoken of now. But there is an eighth. Life, Health, Strength, Rule, Work, Food, Rest, are nothing if every "Christian Year" does not lead the soul nearer to the final result of all—the manifestation of their perfection, the crown of their plans, the "running over" of their "measure," the "fulness of *Joy*" in GOD'S Presence for evermore.

JAMES S. POLLOCK.

*Epiphany, 1877.*

LITANY OF THE PATH OF LIFE.

[The following Litany is taken from the *Litany Appendix*, by the Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, M.A. ; other contributions from my brother are marked by his initials. The Litany of the "Path of Life" is placed here as an epitome of *Resting Places* in its new arrangement. The "Introduction" follows the same train of thought; it is the recapitulation of a companion volume, *The Measure of Faith*, in which the details of the system are fully explained.]

I. LIFE.—GOD from all eternity,  
 Ever-living One in Three,  
 All Thy creatures live by Thee ;  
  
 Dwell within us, Life Divine,  
 May our life with glory shine,  
 Joined in holy bonds to Thine ;

II. HEALTH.—Healer of the sin-sick soul,  
 Thou canst make the wounded whole ;  
 Evil yields to Thy control ;  
  
 Let Thy pardoning grace restore,  
 Balm upon our bruises pour ;  
 Bid us go and sin no more ;

III. STRENGTH.—Strength of souls infirm and frail,  
 Making brave the hearts that quail,  
 Only help when foes assail ;  
  
 Nerve us for the holy fight,  
 Give the sevenfold gifts of might,  
 Clothe us in Thine armour bright ;

IV. RULE.—LORD of all, Whose forming will  
 Gave the worlds their place to fill ;  
 Ruling all in order still ;  
  
 Make our path and calling plain,  
 Our unruly wills restrain,  
 Guide us till the end we gain ;

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

V. WORK.—LORD, Whose works Thy power declare,  
And Who callest men to share  
In Thy work by toil and prayer ;

Give us love and holy fear ;  
May we, while we labour here,  
Serve our GOD with conscience clear ;

VI. FOOD.—LORD, our life's support and stay,  
Giving us from day to day  
Daily bread for which we pray ;

Give us wisely what we need,  
And our hungering spirits feed  
With the "meat and drink indeed" ;

VII. REST.—Shelter when the storms are high,  
Shield and help when foes are nigh,  
Rest for Whom the weary sigh ;

Rest and sweet refreshment be,  
Give a heart from evil free,  
Calm in faith and love of Thee ;

VIII. JOY.—Joy of the Angelic Throng,  
Theme of man's eternal song,  
Source of joy for which we long ;

Be our joy on earth's dark shore,  
Cheer us till our cares are o'er,  
Be our joy for evermore.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

A similar instance of co-operation is afforded by a little four-page leaflet, *Your Children for God*, published by the S.P.C.K., consisting of an earnest address by Father Pollock, and of Father Tom's touching and beautiful verses, "Mother and Child." It was the custom at S. Alban's for one of these leaflets to be given to parents bringing their little ones to Holy Baptism.

To conclude with a very touching token of their devoted affection for each other. Father Tom during the last months of his earthly life collected, only "because my brother wished it," his own poems with an idea of publication, and he also intended to publish Father Pollock's writings on the unseen world. He did not, however, live to carry out either of these projects.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TOWARDS EVENING.

“ Death and Time bring on the prime  
Of GOD’S own chosen weather.”

—W. E. HENLEY.

THE work of S. Alban’s Mission, under its two saintly Founders, assisted by many faithful and self-sacrificing helpers, both clergy and lay, went on with steady growth for thirty years. The blessing of GOD was upon it, and it was given to the Mission Priests to enter in some part into the fruit of their labours.

To quote Father Tom once more—

“ Faith ventured on in works by faith begun,  
The means were ready as each work was done ;  
Each step of progress opened to the view,  
And gave the spirit for some effort new.  
While all the time the great machine was moving,  
And, more than this, enlarging and improving.  
Men wonder how S. Alban’s kept alive,  
And, spite of all, could even grow and thrive ;  
We do not dare to ask the why or how,  
In thankfulness we marvel, and we bow.”

To re-quote Father Pollock’s noble conclusion of  
*Vaughton’s Hole* :—

“ All things, by the mercy of GOD, and spite of



our many errors, have worked for GOD and made us prosper."

That these two devoted Priest-Brothers had human frailties, and may have made mistakes, is of course true; though one of their people and most valued friends, wholly true-hearted and loyal, yet a keen, shrewd business man, fully alive to any error or failing, one whom none would accuse of hero-worship or "romancing," who had seen the Brothers Pollock in every circumstance and under every aspect, writes, May 1, 1911: "If all that constitutes human worth counts, they stood the severe test of personal contact and intimate relationship through long years. And through it all we remember nothing but what is good and noble: . . . greater knowledge only meant greater love and devotion."

And who could think of failings and mistakes who listened to Father Tom's words from S. Alban's pulpit on September 8, 1895!—

"Next Friday is Holy Cross Day, and we enter upon the thirty-first year of our work here. People congratulate us upon what we have done here; but we ask, dearly beloved, your sympathy and your prayers for forgiveness, and that we may do better during the little time that remains to us—it cannot be very long. We mean, as we have lived, to die among you. We shall not die anywhere else.

"When I think of the generations of children that have passed under our influence in our schools, that there is hardly a house we pass in which we have not ministered at a dying bed, I say it in all

honesty and in deep humility, my own feeling is one of shame, and I trust you will not fail to give us your earnest prayers."

The last years of the two devoted servants of GOD were overclouded and disturbed by their ever-increasing delicacy of health, and by anxieties and difficulties concerning the erection of the new Church of S. Patrick, a project upon which Father Pollock, in particular, had set his heart. An advertisement of a famous soap was then much in evidence, and "He won't be happy till he gets it!" was Father Tom's characteristic comment on his brother's pertinacity.

There was real and urgent need for the new church. Father Tom alluded to this in his Christmas "Prologue," 1894, already quoted, and in their joint appeal for S. Patrick's Church, November 1894, are these words:—

"Let no one say 'The time is not come, the time that the LORD'S house should be built.' The need is urgent. We must not admit a thought of delay. Our thousands of poor people cannot be left longer without the home that so many of them desire. The children and young people who crowd our schools and classes demand our protection and care. Zealous and faithful lay-workers must not be discouraged by coldness or hesitation. And our own consciences will be easier if we obey the call of Him Who 'loveth a cheerful giver.'"

But there is little doubt that into Father Pollock's strong desire for the new church, besides his ever dominant motives, the glory of GOD and the good

of his people, there entered a loving wishfulness that his brother—S. Patrick's had always been regarded as "Father Tom's Church"—should have a new building as spacious and noble as S. Alban's, Conybere Street, which had ever been known as "Father Pollock's Church."

When, on November 18, 1896, the new Church of S. Patrick was opened, one of the Mission Priests of S. Alban's had passed to his Eternal Rest, and the other was too ill to be present at the ceremony. It was remarked that by a strange accident, which acquired a sinister significance, the bell, when rung for the opening service, tolled twice and stayed.

Father Pollock had been much out of health since February 1895. He was not able to join the annual excursion to Kingsbury in July, but was on the platform at Camp Hill Station to see his people off.

On Sunday, July 12, he preached at S. Alban's a beautiful little sermon on "The glory that shall be revealed" (Rev. viii. 18), of which the following is the substance:—

"S. Paul knew what he was saying when he wrote 'I reckon,' 'calculate.' We take his words as of one well able to judge. We know in ourselves that they are true.

"We see first the glory in our LORD, Who, because He is GOD, must be glorious, whatever form He takes. Yet His words are old, nearly 2000 years, and He sometimes *seems*, though He is not, to be far away.

"(2) We see this glory revealed in the Apostles

and Saints. In those of old, and in those nearer our own day, who followed their footsteps.

“(3) We see this glory in little children, who, compared to us, are innocent and pure. We read it in the eyes of that great mystery, a little child.

“CHRIST says, ‘Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ This is for us; but for us is no such word as He says to the little children: ‘Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*’

“Yet we can see this glory even in ourselves in times when we feel God’s nearness, a real communion with Him, a sense of forgiveness, and a real desire and longing to be with Him and to be like Him. All these are foretastes of the glory to which GOD will one day bring us, and compared with which all affliction is light.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUN-SETTING.

“Their sun goes down, but as the glow  
Is fading on the clouds of time,  
It rises in a purer clime  
Whose light we wait and long to know.”

—FATHER TOM.

TOWARDS the end of July 1895 Father Pollock again became ill, and was sent away for three months for change and rest. He returned to S. Alban's in the early autumn, seemingly benefited by his visit to Scotland; but it was with a hope that trembled into fear that his people heard him on September 15, 1895 (three months before he was called away), announce from the pulpit “James Pollock desires to return thanks to Almighty God for recovery from sickness.”

His recovery was only temporary. On Sunday, November 17, he preached his last sermon. On the 23rd of that month the foundation stone of the new S. Patrick's was laid by Earl Beauchamp. Both Father Pollock and his Brother looked extremely ill. The appearance of the former was painfully fragile, and one of his people was heard to remark, “He has got gloves on, poor dear!” It

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was the first time any one had seen him wear them. He was, however, able to be present at S. Alban's tea party on November 27, and the words of both brothers on this last occasion were most touching.

During Advent, 1895, Father Pollock again became very seriously ill, and a deep shadow of foreboding fell over the whole parish.

He recovered slightly once or twice, and on the fourth Sunday in Advent, December 22, 1895, a day never to be forgotten, Father Tom felt able to leave him and come down to the Choral Eucharist at S. Alban's. But during the Celebration an urgent message called Father Tom from the Altar. His place was at once taken by one of the assistant clergy. The Divine Service was continued; and for the first time in the history of S. Alban's, the Priest at the Altar wore no vestments.

There were some long moments of anguished suspense, and then the solemn music of Chopin's "Funeral March" told the kneeling flock that their beloved Pastor was in Paradise.

The grief of that bereaved flock is a thing not to be described or dwelt on. The following lines, written by one of them, and much treasured by Father Pollock's brother, express what was in those stricken hearts :—

“‘He whom Thou lovest, LORD, is sick.’ Our hearts  
For many days this mournful burden bore :  
Then came Thy call ; and our loved shepherd feeds  
Thy flock on earth no more.

The lamp, that long before Thine Altar burned  
 With flame so pure, is from the Temple reft,  
 And we, who in its beams sure guidance found,  
 In gloom and grief are left.

‘He whom Thou lovest.’ Was it not, dear LORD,  
 A very token of Thy lovingness  
 That Thou didst with the signet of Thy Hand  
 His parting moments bless ?

That he, who ever with deep love was filled,  
 And adoration for Thy Gift unpriced,  
 Should be called upward in the blessed hour  
 Of solemn Eucharist ?

‘He whom Thou lovest.’ While his children knelt  
 The sacred pledges of Thy Love to claim,  
 Thine Angel, with glad tidings of great joy  
 To his still chamber came.

While with those sheep for whom his life was spent  
 His soul was knit in that Communion blest,  
 And prayer’s sweet incense for him Heavenward soared,  
 He entered into Rest.

‘He whom Thou lovest.’ LORD, to that dear Love  
 We leave him, while our eyes with tears are dim :  
 By our hearts’ anguish we may faintly know  
 What is Thy love for him.

A Brother, born for sore adversity,  
 Be, LORD, to him, whose life is rent in twain,  
 And grant us all in peace around Thy Feet,  
 JESU, to meet again.”

Father Tom was not in time to see his brother  
 alive.

“I am alone for the rest of my life,” was his

heart-broken cry when told that his best beloved had gone from him.

The scenes of the week that followed were indelibly stamped upon all who saw them. The empty, crape-hung stall, the surplice and stole laid upon it, the coffin before the Altar—and no one who was present could ever forget Father Tom's face as, standing in the chancel, he placed with his own hands every wreath upon his brother's bier.

Father Pollock was laid to rest in Moseley Churchyard on the Feast of S. John the Evangelist, December 27, 1895. There had been an early Celebration at S. Alban's Church at 7.30. Then came the funeral service, with a church filled with mourners, and the long procession to the churchyard, a procession how different from those which the whole neighbourhood had so often turned out to see, and then the laying in the earth of all that was mortal of him who was to so many their dearest and best.

Father Pollock was in his sixty-second year, and among other points of resemblance, the term of their earthly span was almost the same, Father Tom being just over threescore when his call came to go up higher.

The entire route of the funeral procession was lined with silent crowds on that December day; for there was no one in Birmingham, whatever might be his religious opinions, who did not respect Father Pollock. The churchyard was filled with a throng of mourners, amongst whom were the



children of S. Alban's Mission, sobbing as if their hearts would break. It was characteristic of Father Tom that even in this hour of deepest sorrow he took thought for the children, and arranged that they should be driven to the churchyard in brakes.

Many words of eulogy were spoken and written about the saintly Pastor whom GOD had taken to Himself, but it was in the hearts of his people that his truest epitaph was written.

The saddest year of Father Tom's life had now begun. The desire of his eyes had been taken from him, and he was, as he said, "alone." His brother had been all to him, and it made the heart ache to hear of his coming, as he did, into the empty house, and forgetting what had happened, calling "James, James," at the foot of the stairs.

He never occupied his brother's stall, and the asterisks (\* \* \*) with which on *The Gospeller* cover he had marked the absence of Father Pollock's name, remained till his own name was also missing.

His own "in memoriam" words preceding that empty space are these:—

"He who for thirty years guided and inspired the work of S. Alban's rests from his labours. Let us all pray that the Divine care and blessing may abide upon the work for which he lived and for which he gave his life."

The star of Father Tom's life had set. He was in the most delicate state of health, and seemed to know that the shadow of death was hovering near him also. "Ah, you'll lay me there before the year

is out," he said, as he was standing one day near his brother's grave.

But Father Tom was a soldier, of the sort that dies game. A true hero of the Cross, he, though with trembling hands and bowed shoulders, took up the burden of his life and mission work again. He went in and out among his people, preached and visited as long as he could do so. At the earnest desire of his people, though he did not feel, and was not physically, fit, he accepted the vacant cure, and became Vicar of S. Alban's. On the occasion of his institution in March 1896, his words to his people were:—

"It is with great misgivings I have accepted this work. I never wished to be beneficed. I do not feel physically fit for it, and have other misgivings, known only to GOD and myself. I would much rather have taken a subordinate position, but this has been represented to me as impossible. I must leave altogether or take the position I have accepted, and which, I am told, is the united wish of the communicants of S. Alban's. I thank GOD for two things—one, for the helpers I have in the clergy; the other, for your great sympathy, not your sympathy to me personally. This is not the place to speak of that which will be one of my tenderest memories while life shall last, but of your sympathy in this work.

"I have accepted, and now throw myself upon GOD and your prayers. I know you will pray and strive for this work, which is weakened by the loss of him who is gone from us in body, not in spirit,

and who intercedes for you, and whose joy, if possible, is made greater by seeing his work prove by its continuance that it is of GOD."

This was Father Tom's mind. Having accepted the charge, he would have fulfilled it to his very utmost. But our loving FATHER does not lay upon His children impossible burdens. Father Tom could not have carried on their lives' work without his brother, and he was not called upon to do so.

His health continued to grow weaker. He was obliged to go away from Birmingham, and it seemed sad that a part of his little remaining time should have been spent in a spot so uncongenial and "unpeaceful" as a large Hydropathic Establishment.

A few extracts from letters written during that time will speak for themselves:—

"It is not pleasant," he wrote in March, "to be chained down and unable to see people about whom I am anxious."

In a later letter, alluding to lengthened absence from work: "It troubles me much to throw so great a burden of work on other men."

One of his letters says: "I am putting in a window in memory of my brother. The subject is the Resurrection, my brother's favourite."

Other letters when, as he said, "I do not mend so quickly as I should like," contain pathetic words.

"I do long to be home among the people of S. Alban's, who are almost all I have to live for." And again, "I trust I may look forward to my exile ending."

Sorrow could not make Father Tom selfish or faint-hearted, or anything but what he had ever been. He would have struggled on for the sake of his people even under his fresh and overwhelming load; but his "exile" was indeed near its ending. He became very seriously ill in October, and was brought back to Birmingham. After some weeks of great suffering—for his illness was most painful and trying—he also fell asleep on December 15, 1896, within just a week of the anniversary of the passing of his brother. Those who had been so truly lovely and pleasant in their lives were not long divided, and Father Pollock had but to wait a short time in Paradise for the brother he so tenderly loved.

Again the flock of S. Alban's were sorrow-stricken, this time with a double grief, and again through the silent throngs that lined the streets the mournful procession passed; and on the Vigil of S. Thomas, and also that of his own Ordination, the dear form of Father Tom was laid to rest with his brother. His own beautiful hymn, "We are soldiers of CHRIST," was very fitly sung over this "good soldier's" grave. To quote the words of his funeral sermon: "There was one thing he could not do—he could not give up. Retreat was the one thing impossible to him, and so he died at his post—*thirty years Curate, ten months Vicar, of S. Alban's, Birmingham.*"

Of Father Tom, no less than of Father Pollock, it may truly be said that he lived and *died* for S. Alban's Mission. They gave to it their pros-

pects, their hopes of preferment, their money, their patrimony, and their health, for the anxieties of their work, and their unceasing and almost incredible exertions, undoubtedly hastened the day of their departure. Their removal from this world was a loss not only to S. Alban's Mission and to Birmingham, but to the whole Church.

Of none of CHRIST's toilers has it ever been more true to say that they died in harness, and of none are we more certain that they now, to use Father Pollock's own words, experience "the running over" of their "measure," "the fulness of joy in GOD's Presence for evermore."

A lovely little poem, "The Beech in the Forest," by E. H. Mitchell, which either by design or coincidence appeared in the issue of the *Church Times* containing the notice of Father Pollock's call to rest, concludes with these lines—

"It is fashioned by pain for a glorious part,  
For the Face of GOD is carved on its heart."

They are a fitting and beautiful description of the life of each of these two sainted Mission Priests.

## In Memoriam

J. S. P., T. B. P.

*Feast of S. John*  
*Evangelist, 1895.*



*Vigil of S.*  
*Thomas, 1896.*

In the rich harvest of his autumn hours,  
When ripened fruitage held the place of flowers,  
God called him Home, whom He had only lent  
To show how Heaven may with earth be blent.  
It was mid-winter, dark and drear, and chill,  
When he was borne into the churchyard still,  
By those, who must their dearest and their best,  
Beneath the green low grasses lay to rest.  
The air was thick with sobs and falling tears,  
The throbbing of the Death March filled their ears,  
When, through the storm of sorrow there was heard  
The clear soft treble of a little bird,  
For in the light of winter, wan and pale,  
Was warbling sweet the autumn nightingale.  
A voice uprose from all that weeping throng,  
"O Bird, our hearts are breaking, hush thy song;"  
But ever, o'er the tones that told of pain,  
Still heavenward rose the little bird's sweet strain.  
"Is not your depth of sorrow known to Him,  
Whose eyes beside the open grave were dim?"

With him, indeed, ye know that it is well  
Who in his hour of triumph, nobly fell.  
Meetly ye lay the palm-leaf on his breast,  
A victor, whom his King has called to rest,  
Who, now at peace in blessèd Paradise,  
Waiteth until the Easter morning rise.  
While this hard lesson now ye spell with tears,  
Let this low carol whisper in your ears,—  
'Soon will all sorrow be for ever gone,  
Love is eternal; therefore I sing on.'"

—ISA J. POSTGATE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF  
FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

“Here are thoughts that inspire thought; they stir up the thoughtless, they beckon to greater heights those that climb the mount.”—FATHER TOM in *The Gospeller*.

*From “Out of the Body.”*

GOD teaches us that whatever will be hereafter may be here. GOD, Who has the past, present, and future all before Him, may set any one of the three before us, as He wills and when He wills. And there is no wonder in all this. The only wonder we know of is—GOD. When we believe in GOD, all wonder ceases, and only begins again when wonders cease.

*From “Out of the Body.”*

This doctrine (of conscious life after death) does not exalt mind or matter. It simply glorifies GOD, Who made them both. It claims undying life for the spirits and bodies of the departed. It dries the tears from all eyes and both cheeks. It does not wipe one eye and leave the other to be consumed with grief. You mourn the spirit that is gone: it tells you that the spirit lives, and that it



is not too far away to return. You mourn the body that you see no more: it tells you that the body anticipates its resurrection, and has lost none of that loveliness that made it dear. You wonder, "Do they love us still?" The answer is, "Yes, but not as they once did." What was superficial and unmeaning is cast off with the burden of the flesh, and lives only in union with the inane verses that express your "stony griefs" and befit the "Cemetery Company's" grave. But what was deep and true in that love burns deeper and more fond than ever. It is not a ring on the finger, but a warm gush from the heart. It is not distance that has made the heart grow fonder. But the pure see GOD; and the nearer the saint you love has approached that Presence, the more eager is the desire to communicate with you in love.

## STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

*From "Dead and Gone."*<sup>1</sup>

I.—M. A. R., 21 T—— Street, Birmingham, was dying of typhoid fever. One day, shortly before her departure, she seemed to be in a state of unconsciousness. She said, "One—two—three" (a pause after each word), "I baptize thee in the Name, &c." She repeated the whole form of Baptism, and the form of reception into the Church, as in the Book of Common Prayer. Her age was

<sup>1</sup> "All the stories selected are," a note by Father Pollock states, "derived from private sources."

fourteen years; she was very often at church on Thursday evenings, when children were baptized at S. A——'s Church.

II.—A clergyman went to the General Hospital at B—— to see Mr. D——, who was dying of typhoid fever. Returning from the hospital, he met the sick man's brother, and went back with him to the fever ward. Mr. D—— first talked a little to his brother, and then called for the clergyman, and said to him, "I have seen a glorious sight! I was in a dark cave, and could see nothing, till at last I saw a very bright light—the TRINITY!" These were almost, if not exactly, his words. As he spoke, he raised himself up in bed, and said the last words with great vehemence. He then sank back exhausted, and departed a few days after.

III.—Mr. C——, a farmer in the Isle of Man, departed in February 1872. S. Luke's Church, where he is buried, is near his house, and is at the foot of Garrahan, a mountain near the central point of the island, a wild, remote district. Miss P——, who has a farm near Mr. C——'s, one of her servants, Mrs. G——, the wife of the farm steward, Mrs. C——, and another neighbour, Mrs. K——, attended the funeral; they all knew the departed well. The four women walked behind the rest as the procession moved through the fields to the church. The men in front sang hymns as they went. All the four women heard another choir.

That it was another choir, and a reality, they knew by these marks :

1. The tune was not the same as that sung in the procession.

2. The second choir sang most sweetly, now softly, now loudly, with "expression" such as they never heard before or since.

3. The sweet music went on, while the men in the procession made pauses in their singing.

4. The singers did not go on with the procession, but seemed to be on one side at a little distance, and the voices died away gradually as the funeral went on.

Inquiries were made afterwards, but no one could explain the mystery.

IV.—One Sunday, in the autumn of 1873, a clergyman visited a destitute family resident in his district who were in great distress. Mr. A——, a working man, told his story as follows. He lived in Upper K—— Street, Birmingham. He had three children, two of them boys—John, aged three years, and Charles, aged one year and six months. The elder was run over by a coal-cart near his father's house, and was killed. From the time of his death the younger brother refused his food. As he walked along the road he called his lost brother. A great part of the day he sat on the stairs repeating his name. His parents, at last, after about a fortnight, took him to a doctor, who said he was pining from grief, could not be cured, and would very soon die. They laid him

in his bed: still he kept calling to his brother, and speaking to him as if he was with him. His father was in the room with him when he departed. The child had been speaking to his brother as usual, when suddenly he seemed to make a great effort to raise himself up in the bed. While doing this he threw up his hands, and said with great eagerness, "Stop! stop! stop! I'm a-coming!" and departed. Mr. A—— told the story as a mystery which he could not understand. He dwelt on the apparent presence of the departed child with his little brother, and seemed to consider the last words as conclusive. Mr. A—— is an ignorant, idle, matter-of-fact working man. His third and only child has since died, and he has enlisted.

V.—A working man, living at D—— Street, Birmingham, had a remarkable dream in April 1873. He thought he stood beside a coffin which was half in the ground and half out of it. Some persons seemed to be present, but he did not distinctly see them. Addressing them, he expressed his reluctance to be put into the coffin, which he supposed had been put there for him. The reply was that *half of him* should go into it. The next day there came to him suddenly a corpse-like smell, that he always perceives shortly before the death of one of his relations. About a week after, his wife was attacked by smallpox, and died after two days' illness, the disease assuming a specially malignant form. At the time of his dream all his family were in good health. The smallpox had not

broken out in the neighbourhood, it was only in two or three houses.

VI.—Mr. G—— was an assistant surgeon in the Navy. He was engaged to be married to a lady in Ireland, but the engagement was broken off. He was afterwards in his ship, sailing somewhere in the South Seas. As he leaned over the side of the vessel one still evening he saw what seemed to be a small white cloud coming towards him. As it drew nearer he saw it was a woman, and presently he distinguished the features of the lady to whom he had been engaged. She came quite near and looked at him, then she vanished. He took a note of the time, and, when he got home, learned that the lady had departed this life at the time she appeared to him.

VII.—A person well known to me told me that she was staying in the house of an aunt, with her two cousins. One of them one morning was low-spirited and moody. At last, going up to her aunt, she burst into tears, and said—

“I saw grandfather last night.”

“Nonsense, child, you know he is not here; don't be fanciful.”

“But I did see him.”

“Then you were dreaming.”

“Aunt, I was quite awake, and he came in at the window and stood at the foot of my bed; he looked just as he always looks, but I was frightened, and covered my head over with the blanket. When I

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looked up again he was still there, but the third time he was gone."

The grandfather died, as they heard afterwards, just at that very hour when she saw him. The poor girl fasted and wept the whole of that day.

VIII.—A working man had a vision one night. He saw his father and mother, who had died some years before. They stood before him; an Angel stood between them, and a serpent was near the Angel's feet. He felt a sting in his breast; the serpent stung him, as he thought. The pain made him start up and leap out of bed. Presently he went into bed again; the pain had not yet left him. The figures then vanished away. His wife saw nothing. He was at the time a sober, industrious man. About a year after the vision he became a drunkard. He has kept his family in poverty and misery ever since. A clergyman visited him one Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1873. Talking of his sins, he told the story. He said he had often told it before, but none seemed able to explain it. Every one said "It's a vision"; and that was all they could say of it.

IX.—Mrs. R——, Highgate Street, Birmingham, was one night in great trouble on account of her husband's cruelty. Her husband was in the room; she felt very ill, and was sitting up in the bed. She saw her infant, that had died a few weeks before. She recognised his features and his dress, but noticed that his feet were bare, and

that he had a crown upon his head. He was floating in the air, about midway between the floor and the ceiling. She saw him for a minute or more, and stretched out her hands to try to go to him. When she told this story to a priest, he asked her if she was not thinking of her child before she saw him. Her answer was, "No, not a little bit."

X.—"W—— died at 11 P.M., 28th Nov. 186—." On the anniversary of his death, Miss ——, my brother, and I, agreed to keep it by the use of a short service of prayer at the hour of his decease, followed by an office for Spiritual Communion. Miss —— was at home, my brother in the north of Ireland, and I in my own room.

I said the first part of the service, and then rested until twelve on my bed, without undressing, and awoke thoroughly refreshed when the clock struck.

Although not yet Christened, I was intending to join the Church, and therefore ventured to use the second part of our service. I had been present about three times at Holy Communion in a small brick mission church. I had not proceeded far before I appeared to be in a large Gothic stone church, and was kneeling at the south end of a brazen communion rail. My brother was on my right, against the wall; on my left was W—— himself, transparent, but perfectly life-like; beside him Miss ——, darker, but no less plain; beyond her a lady whom I took for her mother, who had

been dead ten years, and whom, although I had never seen, answered to all descriptions I have heard before or since; then an aunt of my own, lately dead; a brother of mine, who had been dead four years, and who was not a Churchman; behind him my grandparents, also not Church people, and others I had known. As I proceeded with my prayers, the vision grew more and more distinct. I ventured to glance round, and beheld lofty stone arches, and the whole of a vast church thick with kneeling worshippers. I noticed that Miss —— and my brother were the only persons still living, and that they were darker and more substantial in appearance. As I proceeded with the "Act of Spiritual Communion," a figure, such as that of our SAVIOUR is usually represented, vested in Eucharistic robes, came slowly down inside the rail from the north side, staying at each kneeler, and whispering the words of administration to each. When He came to me there was a silence, not of reproof, but of solemnity. He vanished, after standing before my brother, and the vision gradually faded as I finished my prayers. I waited until it had nearly disappeared, and then, as the clock struck two, got into bed; yet I had scarcely seen the last of it, when, having to be at the works early next morning, I put out my light and fell asleep. I am confident that I was perfectly wide awake during the whole time, and had no reason to doubt that I had been so next morning. Within the next day or two I described the vision to three of my friends.



## WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Whence come wandering thoughts in prayer? From different sources. Not denying the spiritual influence, we must assert a natural cause. The fact is that people's thoughts wander in prayer just as they wander at other times. They are rightly called "distractions."

What man of active mind can endure to be tied down to one train of thought at a time? True, some things are so intensely interesting that they absorb all the mind's conscious energies. The mind may be quietly pursuing its own secret operations without the owner's knowledge, and the man, as far as he knows, is thinking only of one thing. Yet the fact that *some* trains of thought are so absorbing helps to prove my point, for other and lesser objects sometimes claim attention. They are little, comparatively speaking, and a superficial observation is enough for them; the mind can afford no more. All the time those little things float over the surface of the mind, a deep under-current is moving on apace, and the "ground-swell" agitates the surface of the deep; nay, it sometimes goes so far as to paralyse the faculties that are engaged in those superficial operations. There are various *strata* of thought growing to perfection in all active minds, and existing in greater or less variety in all minds.

## COLINTRAIVE.

One day last summer I stood on the deck of a steam-packet, and observed how the water of a Scotch island reflected the different parts of the landscape beyond it. Nearest the surface I noticed a house which was on the margin of the sea. Around it and *below* it I saw the trees and shrubs that were around it and *above* it. One layer of trees appeared below another. I observed that what was deep down in the water was high up on land.

Presently I saw in deep water a bright and beautiful layer of sunshine and verdure. Where did it come from? I saw it in the water as I saw the other things. But I had seen *them* on land; *this* I had not seen there. Why? I looked up and saw at once the explanation. I had not looked high enough before. Now I saw what I ought to have seen at first. For, high above, and far beyond the house and the trees, stood the distant hills, with the sun's glory shining upon them.

"'Twas ever thus." The shallowest view of life in this lower world of ours sees houses and lands and riches; and it finds nothing further, nothing deeper to experience. More thoughtful people, and those who have had larger knowledge of this world, look deeper, and see the difficulties and trials—mixed with what is more hopeful—and they wonder what will be the end of it all. Faith sees further: faith cries, "Out of the depths." It is not that faith is despairing. Little faith may doubt. But

great faith sees "the end of the LORD." The cheer that lightens it comes "from above." The distant hills, the strong mountains "declare the glory of GOD," Who shines upon them.

Then "out of the depths" need not mean out of misery and because of it. The Christian's cry out of the depths is "Abba, FATHER," "Our FATHER, *which art in heaven.*" He endures "as seeing Him Who is invisible." The invisible GOD makes His goodness to "pass" by, as in the case of Moses. It passes as the sun's light passes from one range of mountains to another. Itself "without variable-ness," it creates all the varying lights and shades that illustrate its unchanging love.

Since that day in the summer of 1894 I have cared less for these lines of a favourite hymn—

"Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me."

But perhaps these words of the next verse will make them true—

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone."

The "heaviness" of night is followed by the "joy" of the morning—what Joel calls "the morning spread upon the mountains." Only let us not complain if "earth-born clouds" hide the glory of heaven.

The Eucharistic Presence does not depend on

our faint efforts, though the joy of It is lost when we cease to strive. And though our blindness hide the light of GOD's countenance, let us know that "GOD is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." "The light of seven days" is reserved for all who love light rather than darkness now.

"Out of the depths" means "from the height above." Heaven's glory is revealed in earth's misery. The martyr's crown has jewels of its own.

#### GOD'S CARE FOR US.

It is a great effort of faith to believe that GOD made all things, and that He takes special care of each person. Do you believe that the Almighty FATHER cares for you and takes care of you, that He plans your life and all its concerns? The LORD JESUS says He does, and so you must believe it without any doubt or demur.

GOD's care for all living creatures is set forth by the LORD JESUS in these words: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your FATHER" (S. Matt. x. 29). "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before GOD" (S. Luke xii. 6). You know that GOD did arrange the circumstances of the deaths of innumerable beasts and fowls used in sacrifice by the Jews, directing what animals were to be used, their description and their age. Sparrows were not used in sacrifice, but GOD cared for them. Be they even the "mint and anise and cummin," to which no

special regard was paid in Jewish sacrifices ; yet the care He bestows on them shows us that we are not to regard great things only, but to consider little faults and little duties too ; for “ He that despiseth little things shall fall by little and little.” And each sparrow, you observe, is taken care of. If two are sold for a farthing ; and if, as the LORD says, a fifth is added when two farthings’ worth are purchased, even the odd one is known and its fate noted by the Heavenly FATHER, though men regard it not.

“ Doth GOD take care for oxen,” and for sparrows ? Yes, otherwise the argument of the LORD is unmeaning. But, if we believe this, we understand and take comfort from the text that tells us “ we are of more value than many sparrows.” GOD’S care of the lower proves His greater care for the higher. Strange that people should use an opposite argument when judging their brethren. A Christian man is careful of the small details of holy living and holy worship ; forthwith his neighbours come to the conclusion that he neglects the weightier matters of the Gospel—forgetting the precept of the LORD where He enjoins both : “ These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.”

Now observe how this Fatherly care is described by the LORD.

Let us begin by noticing two passages that will help to make the doctrine easier by limiting its scope, and in a measure explaining it.

JESUS said, “ Love your enemies, bless them that

curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." And why? Here is the reason: "That ye may be the children of your FATHER which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust" (S. Matt. v. 44, 45). Compare our LORD's words respecting "the Galilæans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices." JESUS said, "Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans because they suffered such things?" He gives another example: "Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?" He answers both questions Himself: "I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (S. Luke xiii. 1-5).

These two passages illustrate the doctrine that GOD's "tender mercies are over all His works." We must believe this. GOD made all things very good. GOD does not desert the work of His hands. Man in his sin and degradation is not forsaken by GOD or forgotten by Him. GOD lets His laws take effect for the preservation of the wicked who defy Him. And, on the other hand, He does not usually interfere with the course of Nature when those who are good act unwisely and sacrifice the life which He has given. He rules the world by the beneficent laws which He has established. But the fact that those laws are beneficent is not intended to encourage the wicked in his rebellion. And the fact that

those laws sometimes bring trouble upon the good is not intended to dishearten them, as if God did not interfere on their behalf, or as if He did not really care for and desire to keep them safe.

### BOOKS.

Good books prove that there are good men and women to write them. Some of the writers do not enter upon their work with the highest motives, nor perform it in the best way. But their effort has something good in it, and we must not be so uncharitable as to call that good evil.

Some writers of religious books are plagiarists. But it may be that they copy because the matter they "edit" is better than what they can produce. And if they infringe no right, and confess their obligations, who shall say that they are wrong?

Other writers are visionaries: they follow their own fancies, and do not keep the proportion of faith. But let us give them credit for what they see, and only be guarded against the errors that cloud their sight.

Many more are said to be hypocrites. Perhaps some of them are. But the accusation is not easily proved, and the labours of the unworthy have often edified men more righteous than they. There are, besides, many writers who speak beyond their experience. And why not? Do not preachers the same? May we not speak and write of things as

they ought to be, that we may save our own souls and those that hear us ?

One objection remains. There are many men who write books for mercenary ends. Of writing books there is no end, because of making money there is no end. Put the case fairly, and you will see that the "authors who have ruined their booksellers" are not so numerous as the authors who have impoverished themselves. And even if, in this respect, or in any others I have mentioned, the writers are faulty, let them at least have the credit of choosing a good subject in which they are interested. And another consideration must be added. How many men have been edified by their own works! Do not preachers speak to their own hearts, and "take the alarm they give"? Surely it very often is the case that a sermon which seems to have no effect on the congregation speaks loudly to the heart of the preacher.

## SOME POEMS BY FATHER TOM.

### THE FOUR GOSPELS.

"As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle."—Ezekiel i. 10.

HAIL, very GOD, as Man our weakness sharing;  
 Yet awful in Thine all-prevailing might;  
 Hail Victim pure, the due of sinners bearing;  
 Hail, Truth Divine, the very Light of light.



*Saint Matthew.*

We know that Thou art Man, we watch Thee sleeping  
In manger laid, and wrapped in swaddling clothes ;  
We see Thee tears of human sorrow weeping  
With friends who mourn, and over Sion's woes.

Of woman born, Thou art indeed our Brother,  
In all things like Thy brethren save in sin ;  
Thou feelest all we feel, as can no other ;  
The glory Thou hast won we live to win.

We own the power of Thine example holy,  
With bands of love it draws us after Thee ;  
We gladly hear a Master meek and lowly,  
Who goes before us, saying " follow Me."

*Saint Mark.*

We know Thee God, and in Thy gentle meekness  
We see the strength of an Almighty will ;  
Resistless power is veiled in human weakness  
The ends of love and wisdom to fulfil.

Thou art Man's Champion ; evil quails before Thee ;  
The winds and waves their Maker's voice obey ;  
No fainting souls in vain for help implore Thee ;  
Disease and death and sin resign their prey.

We worship Thee, in utter shame most glorious,  
Through darkness pressing surely towards the light,  
Of death and hell the Conqueror victorious,  
Proclaimed the SON of GOD, enthroned in might.

*Saint Luke.*

The types and shadows of the Law fulfilling,  
 Thy life on earth was lived, Thy death was died ;  
 Thine offering of Thyself, a Victim willing,  
 The one atoning Sacrifice supplied.

No sin Thou knewest ; yet for us, the sinning,  
 Thou was content our dying life to share  
 Obedient unto death, our pardon winning,  
 And opening Heaven to bring us with Thee there.

Our hope, O LORD, is in Thy Mediation,  
 For Thou art GOD, and Thou with man art one ;  
 We plead Thy merits, that in our salvation  
 Thy FATHER'S loving will and Thine be done.

*Saint John.*

Incarnate Word of God, the Everliving,  
 Thy Presence still is hid by lowly sign.  
 Faith knows that Thou Thyself art with us, giving  
 The treasures of Thy truth and grace Divine.

Enthroned Thou art in glory, far above us,  
 Yet we can rise to Thee in thought and heart ;  
 We know that Thou dost think of us, and love us,  
 And come to raise us up to where Thou art.

We know Thee true, and in Thy word confiding,  
 Obey Thy call and thankfully adore ;  
 Thou dwellest in us ; and in Thee abiding  
 Thy Life Divine is ours for evermore.

TWO DAYS.

*March 25.*

INCARNATE GOD, the world, in darkness groping,  
Through ages long desired to hail Thy light;  
The nations strove, in want and weakness hoping,  
Till GOD from Heaven should come in love and  
might.

Thy chosen race believed and loved the story  
Of blessing promised to their sires of old;  
They longed for Thee, their King, their LORD, their  
Glory,  
Whom prophets' word and holy rite foretold.

*December 25.*

O Word made Flesh, in human nature dwelling,  
We see GOD's glory, mirrored in Thy Face;  
We hear Thy Voice, of love and mercy telling,  
We come to learn Thy truth and win Thy grace.

We follow Thee, O Teacher meek and lowly,  
Thy Life can make our daily life Divine;  
We trust Thee, slain, the Just for the unholy,  
To bring us to our FATHER and to Thine.

SAVIOUR MOST LOVING.

SAVIOUR most loving, bending before Thee,  
Sinful and mourning, Thy mercy we crave;  
Leave us not hopeless, LORD, we implore Thee,  
Thou hast redeemed us, O hear and save!

## 122 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

Fountain, where sinners find ever flowing  
Streams that wash all their defilement away ;  
To those pure waters thankfully going,  
We would for mercy and cleansing pray.

Gentle Physician, mortal ills healing,  
Bending in love o'er each sin-stricken soul ;  
Come, all Thy care and goodness revealing,  
Strengthen our weakness and make us whole.

Shepherd most careful, warn us when straying,  
Guide us in paths where Thine own feet have trod,  
Led by Thy call, Thy dear Voice obeying,  
Bring us in peace to the fold of God.

Light where the path is shadowed and dreary,  
Friend of the hearts that in loneliness pine ;  
Help of the poor, and Strength of the weary,  
Where is the love that is like to Thine !

LORD, Thou dost love us, for Thy love sought us  
When we were wandering in deserts alone ;  
LORD, Thou dost love us, for Thy Blood bought us,  
And Thou wilt never forget Thine own.

LORD, we would trust Thee, doubting Thee never,  
Help us in faith on Thy Word to recline :  
LORD, we would love Thee, keep us for ever  
Near to that tenderest Heart of Thine.

LORD, we would follow where Thou dost call us,  
Patient in sorrow and valiant in fight ;  
May we be true, whatever befall us,  
Journeying on to the Land of Light.

There, LORD, with gladness laying before Thee,  
 Each heavy cross we have carried so long,  
 Crowned with Thy blessing, we shall adore Thee,  
 Singing for ever the triumph song.

FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me  
 In the pastures green,  
 Faithful Shepherd, lead me  
 Where Thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me  
 In the narrow way,  
 So, with Thee beside me,  
 I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer  
 To the Heavenly Shore ;  
 May Thy love grow dearer,  
 May I love Thee more.

Hallow every pleasure,  
 Sanctify my pain,  
 Be Thyself my Treasure,  
 Though none else I gain.

Give me joy or sadness ;  
 This be all my care,  
 That eternal gladness  
 I with Thee may share.

Day by day prepare me  
 As Thou seest best,  
 Then let Angels bear me  
 To Thy promised Rest.

124 FATHER POLLOCK AND HIS BROTHER.

By Thy Cross and Dying,  
JESU, hear my prayer ;  
Daily grace supplying,  
Bring me safely there.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

JESU, with Thy Church abide,  
Be her SAVIOUR, LORD, and Guide,  
While on earth her faith is tried ;

Arms of love around her throw,  
Shield her safe from every foe,  
Calm her in the time of woe ;

Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
Help her patient to endure  
Trusting in Thy promise sure ;

May her voice be ever clear,  
Warning of a judgment near,  
Telling of a SAVIOUR dear ;

All her ruined works repair,  
Build again Thy temple fair,  
Manifest Thy presence there ;

All her fettered powers release,  
Bid our strife and envy cease,  
Grant the Heavenly gift of peace ;

May she one in doctrine be,  
One in truth and charity,  
Winning all to faith in Thee ;

*We beseech Thee, hear us.*

May she guide the poor and blind,  
 Seek the lost until she find,  
 And the broken-hearted bind ;

Save her love from growing cold,  
 Make her watchmen strong and bold,  
 Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold ;

May her Priests Thy people feed,  
 Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
 Ready, where they call, to lead ;

May they live the truths they know,  
 And a holy pattern show,  
 As before Thy flock they go ;

May the grace of Him Who died,  
 And the FATHER'S love abide,  
 And the SPIRIT ever guide ;

All her evil purge away,  
 All her doubts and fears allay,  
 Hasten, LORD, her triumph day ;

Help her in her time of fast  
 Till her toil and woe are past,  
 And the Bridegroom come at last ;

May she then all glorious be,  
 Spotless and from wrinkle free,  
 Pure and bright and worthy Thee ;

Fit her all Thy joy to share  
 In the Home Thou dost prepare,  
 And be ever blessèd there.

*We beseech Thee, hear us.*

## JESUS MY ALL.

In a world of sin and care,  
 Weary and oppressed,  
 Unto Thee I lift my prayer,  
 JESU! be my Rest.

Narrow is the way I go,  
 Oft I turn aside,  
 When I fail the path to know,  
 JESU! be my Guide.

Oft the shadows gather round  
 Hiding all things bright ;  
 When no hope or cheer is found,  
 JESU! be my Light.

Oft the storms of trial lour,  
 And my fears increase ;  
 In each dread unquiet hour,  
 JESU! be my Peace.

Oft with Satan's host I wage  
 An unequal fight ;  
 When I meet their force and rage,  
 JESU! be my Might.

Soon shall earthly toil be past,  
 Ended all my strife ;  
 When in death I lie at last,  
 JESU! be my Life.

While I live and when I die,  
 Ever hear my call ;  
 Now and to Eternity,  
 JESU! be my All.



## GOD KNOWETH.

DANGERS threaten all around,  
 Foes gather nigh ;  
 Sin and misery abound,—  
 GOD knoweth why.

Sad the grief, and pain, and scorn,  
 We suffer now ;  
 But from evil good is born,—  
 GOD knoweth how.

Sin and woe shall pass away,  
 And we shall then  
 Hail the Everlasting Day,—  
 GOD knoweth when.

In the Holy Land of Rest  
 Homes we may share  
 With the Angels and the Blest,—  
 GOD knoweth where.

We will faithfully endure  
 Whate'er befall,  
 This our strength that we are sure—  
 GOD knoweth all.

## A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE.

I GIVE to every man his right,  
 As in my Heavenly FATHER'S sight  
 With word and deed sincere :  
 As one who bears a Christian name,  
 I guard my honour free from blame,  
 I keep my conscience clear.

## FOUR THINGS THAT MAKE A MAN HAPPY.

I.—THE world despise ;

Account its honours and its pleasures nought.

II.—Look on no man with scornful eyes ;

He is thy GOD-born brother, by thy SAVIOUR bought.

III.—Thyself despise ;

Thou knowest well thy weakness and thy shame.

IV.—Above man's censure calmly rise ;

Be true to GOD and right, unmoved by praise or  
blame.

So Heavenly peace thy steadfast soul shall know,  
And see life's tempests raging far below.

<sup>1</sup> "SIRS, YE ARE BRETHERN."

OH, why should we revile our brother's creed,

Or brand his failings with a scornful name ?

For, do not we more Heaven-taught wisdom need ?

Are they weak sinners ?—are not we the same ?

We dare not spend our time in endless strife.

A work we have more blessèd, happier far ;

And ours is but one frail uncertain life,

Whose moments all too short and fleeting are.

Around us Woe's down-trodden victims lie ;

Our help and sympathy with tears they claim ;

And sinners, day by day, in darkness die,

Who scarce have heard the loving SAVIOUR'S Name.

<sup>1</sup> Across the MS. of these lines some one has written "*A good ideal of his own life.*" All who knew Father Tom will endorse this opinion.

And we are called to cheer the fainting soul,  
Each feeble lamb with careful hand to guide,  
To point the sick to Him Whose Word makes whole,  
To lead the penitent to JESU'S side.

Be ours to choose the path of lowly love  
And patient work our meek Redeemer trod :  
Are we provoked ?—it all is known above,  
And we may bear what is endured by God.

LORD, speak the word, and bid our wrangling cease,  
That we may give our days to work and prayer ;  
Oh grant from Heaven a dawning of that peace  
Which they enjoy who love and serve Thee there !

THE END.









